MUSIC - UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
3 1761 05183 010 7

PURCHASED FOR THE

*UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY*

FROM THE

*HUMANITIES RESEARCH COUNCIL*
*SPECIAL GRANT*

FOR

The Age of Debussy and Mahler:
Romanticism to Modernism

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2021 with funding from
University of Toronto

https://archive.org/details/perfectfoolopera00hols

Produced at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, by the

# BRITISH NATIONAL OPERA COMPANY

ON THE NIGHT OF

## MONDAY, MAY 14th, 1923

WITH THE FOLLOWING CAST

| | |
|---|---|
| *The Wizard* ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | Robert Parker |
| *The Fool* ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | Raymond Ellis |
| *His Mother* ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | Edna Thornton |
| *The Princess* ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | Maggie Teyte |
| *The Troubadour* ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | Walter Hyde |
| *The Traveller* ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | Frederick Collier |
| *The Peasant* ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | Sydney Russell |
| *Three Girls* ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | Doris Lemon<br>Gladys Leathwood<br>Florence Ayre |
| *Four Retainers* ... ... ... ... ... ... | Philip Bertram<br>Fred Hitchin<br>P. G. Travers<br>Eric Fort |
| *Spirits of Earth, Water, and Fire* ... ... ... | Lenore Leslie<br>Eily Gerald<br>Olive Joyner |

---

Producer—PAGET BOWMAN

---

The Scene and the Lighting Effects designed by Oliver Bernard
Stage Manager, George King. Ballets designed by Ethel King
The Opera prepared musically by Leslie Heward and Herbert Withers

---

Conductor—EUGÈNE GOOSSENS

---

Alternatively the parts of The Wizard, The Mother, and The Princess were cast as follows:—

| | |
|---|---|
| *The Wizard* ... ... ... ... | William Michael |
| *The Mother* ... ... ... ... | Edith Clegg |
| *The Princess* ... ... ... ... | Lillian Stanford |

NOVELLO'S ORIGINAL OCTAVO EDITION

*To Nora Day and Vally Lasker*

# THE PERFECT FOOL

## OPERA IN ONE ACT

WORDS AND MUSIC BY

## GUSTAV HOLST

(Op. 39)

PIANOFORTE ARRANGEMENT BY VALLY LASKER

INCREASED PRICE SIX SHILLINGS

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED
NEW YORK: THE H. W. GRAY CO., SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U.S.A.

*Copyright, 1923, by Novello and Company, Limited.*

*The right of Public Representation and Performance is reserved.*

MADE IN ENGLAND.

LIBRARY
AUG
2
1983
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

M
1503
H75P4
1923

# CHARACTERS

| | |
|---|---|
| The Fool ... ... ... ... ... | *Speaking Part* |
| His Mother ... ... ... ... ... | *Contralto* |
| The Wizard ... ... ... ... ... | *Baritone* |
| The Princess ... ... ... ... ... | *Soprano* |
| The Troubadour ... ... ... ... ... | *Tenor* |
| The Traveller ... ... ... ... ... | *Bass* |
| A Peasant ... ... ... ... ... | *Speaking Part* |
| Three Girls ... ... ... ... ... | *Soprano* |
| The Troubadour's Retainers ... ... ... | *Bass* |

Chorus of Courtiers and Subjects of the Princess

Ballet of Spirits of Earth, Spirits of Water, and Spirits of Fire

# NOTE

The Characters of this opera (excepting the Troubadour and Traveller, whose origins are obvious) belong to no particular country or period.

No special scenery is required, and as far as possible everything is left to the skill and taste of the producer. The well mentioned on p. 31 need not be visible.

The author asks that the spirit of high comedy shall be maintained throughout.

The work was originally intended to be performed without an overture, but should one be required, the author suggests his Fugal Overture, Op. 40, No. 1.

# INSTRUMENTS REQUIRED

Piccolo
2 Flutes
2 Oboes
English Horn
2 Clarinets
Bass Clarinet
2 Bassoons
Double Bassoon

4 Horns in F
4 Trumpets in C
2 Tenor Trombones
Bass Trombone
Tuba

Timpani
Tambourine
Cymbals
Big Drum
Side Drum
Jingles (*sleigh bells*)
Gong
Glockenspiel
} 2 players

Xylophone
Celesta
Harp

Strings

*On the Stage*—

4 Trumpets in C
Tenor Drums

The following instruments are cued in and can be dispensed with:—

2nd Oboe
Bass Clarinet
Double Bassoon
3rd and 4th Trumpets
Stage Trumpets and Drums
Glockenspiel
Xylophone
Celesta

(The Celesta part is copied into the Harp part, and in the absence of the former the Harpist is to play the notes of the Celesta part an octave higher than written.)

When there are only a few string players the effect will be *improved* by the omission of the 3rd and 4th Trumpets and some of the percussion instruments.

The unit of time throughout the work is ♩ or ♩.

Notes of indefinite length sustained through timeless (*senza misura*) bars are expressed by the breve.

# THE PERFECT FOOL

Gustav Holst

*(Curtain rises — It is night. The Wizard is performing a magic rite.)*

Andante

Trb.

Arpa, Timp., C.-B.

8va bassa

W.-W.

WIZARD

Spir-its of the Earth, Come at my call! O-bey my voice!

Tr.

Str.

staccato



*Copyright, 1923, by Novello & Company, Limited*

*parlante*

Come from the gloom of Earth's deepest
caverns. Bring me a cup for working magic. *(spoken)* O - - bey!

3

*(Repeat as often as necessary)*

*(sempre staccato)*

8va bassa

*dim.*

8va bassa

Moderato

4

*pp* DANCE OF SPIRITS OF EARTH
C.- Fag., G.-C.

*p* C.-B.

8va bassa

add Vcl.

8va bassa

*mp*

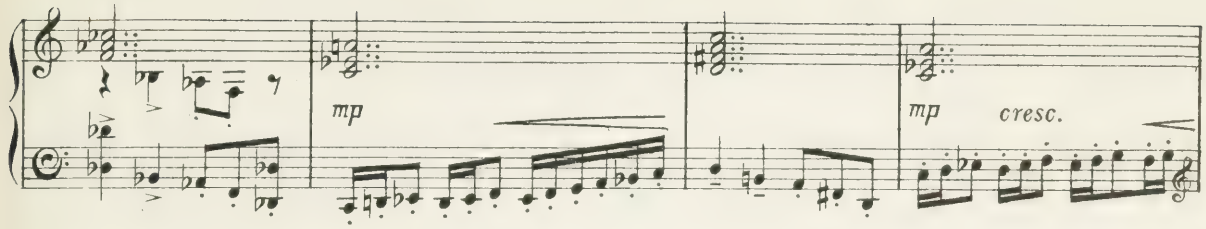
5

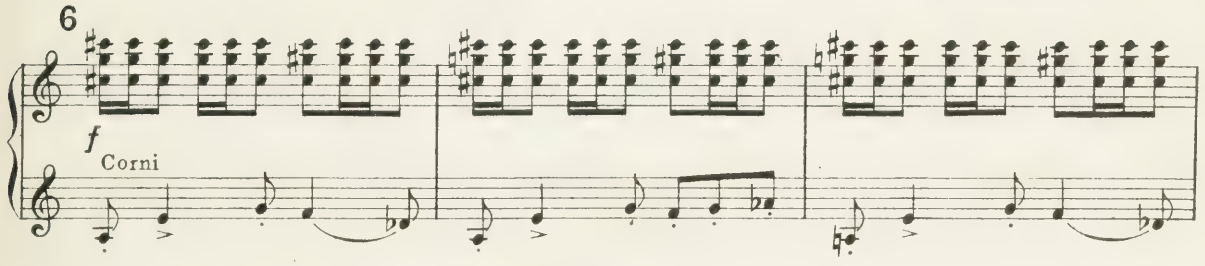
8va bassa

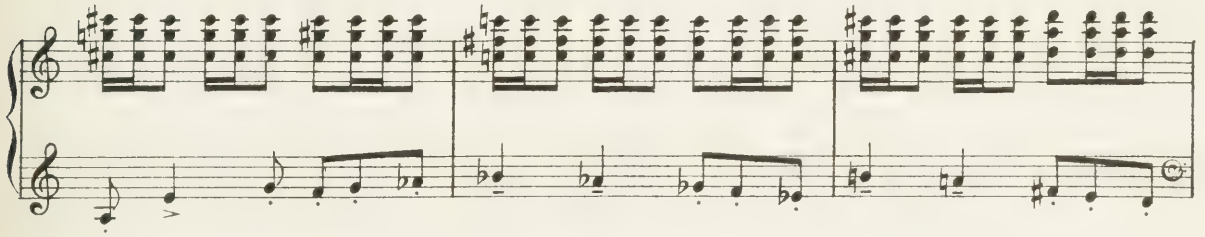
Vla., C.- Ingl.

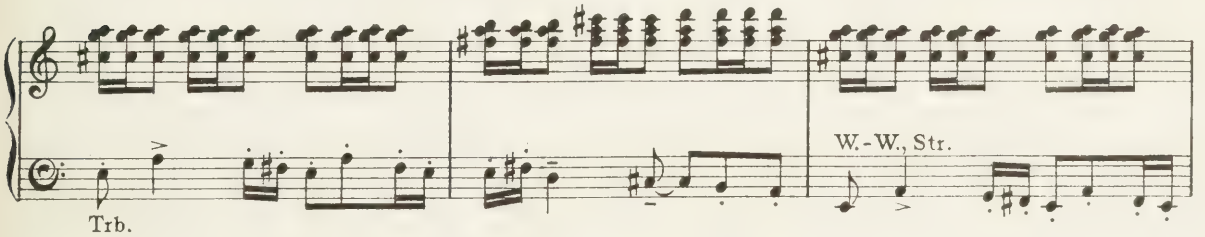
*p*

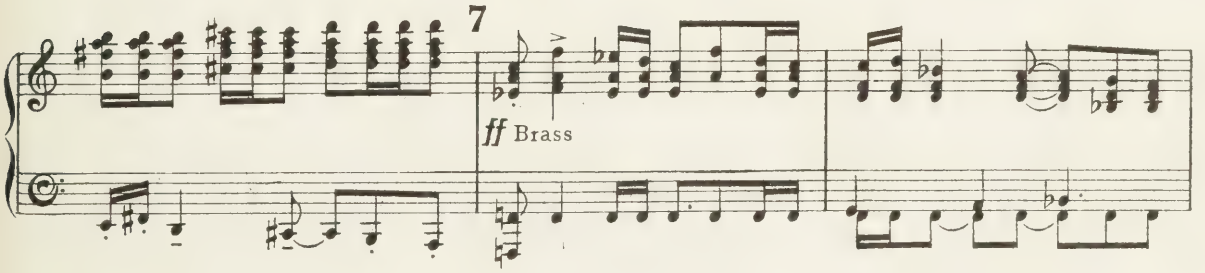
*loco*

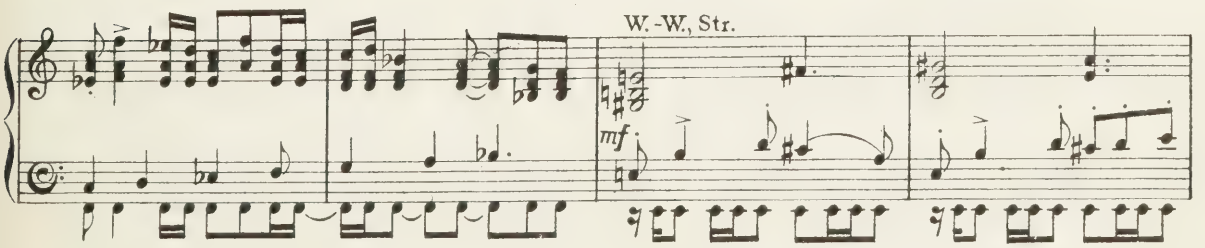


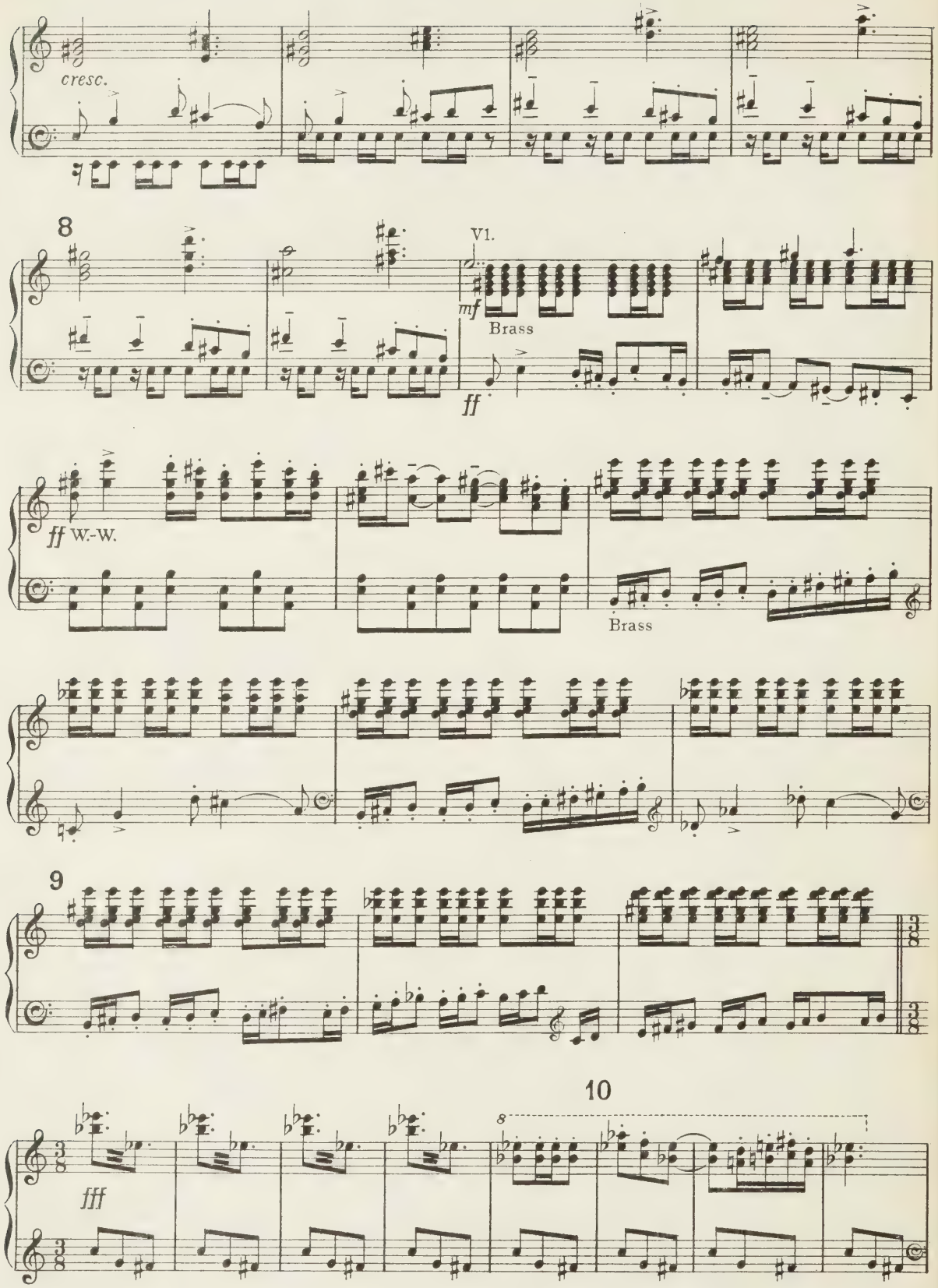



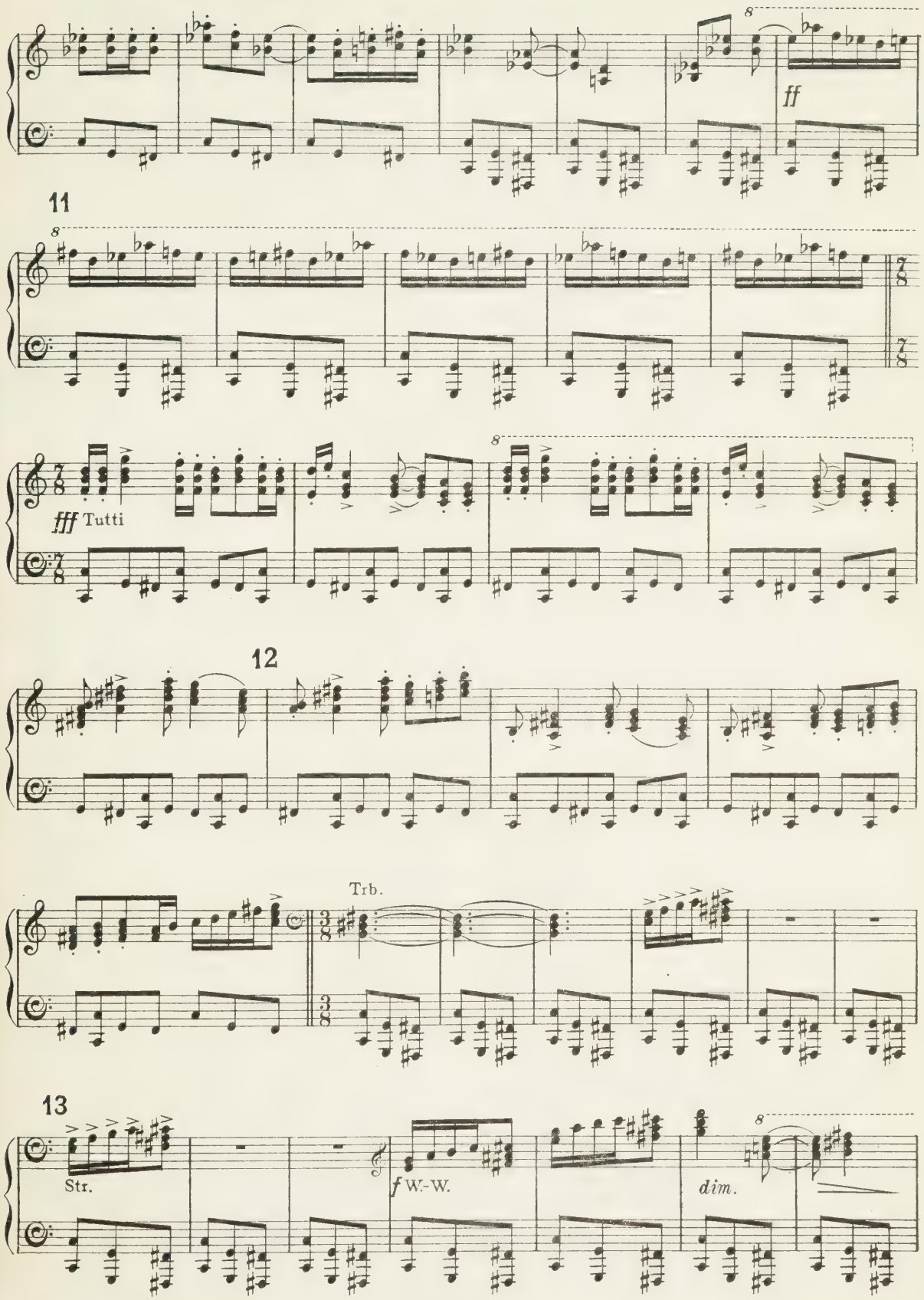



Jingles, G.-C.


cresc.
8
Vl.
mf
Brass
ff
ff W.-W.
Brass
9
10
fff


ff
11
fff Tutti
12
Trb.
13
Str.
f W.-W.
dim.

14

Str.
*p staccato*

*dim.*

*pp*

Andante

*p* Vla.

*cresc.*

*f*

*pp* W.-W.

*pp*

15

WIZARD *mp*

Spir-its of the Wa-ter, Come at my call! O-bey my voice!

Arpa

*parlante*

Bring me sweetest essence of Love distilled from Aether.

Celesta

Cor.

16

Fill this cup with melting, passionate, all-pervading Love.

Picc.

*p*

Ob.

DANCE OF SPIRITS OF WATER

Allegretto

Arpa

17

Vl.

Ob.

pp

8

Picc.

una corda

18

8

Vl.

tre corde

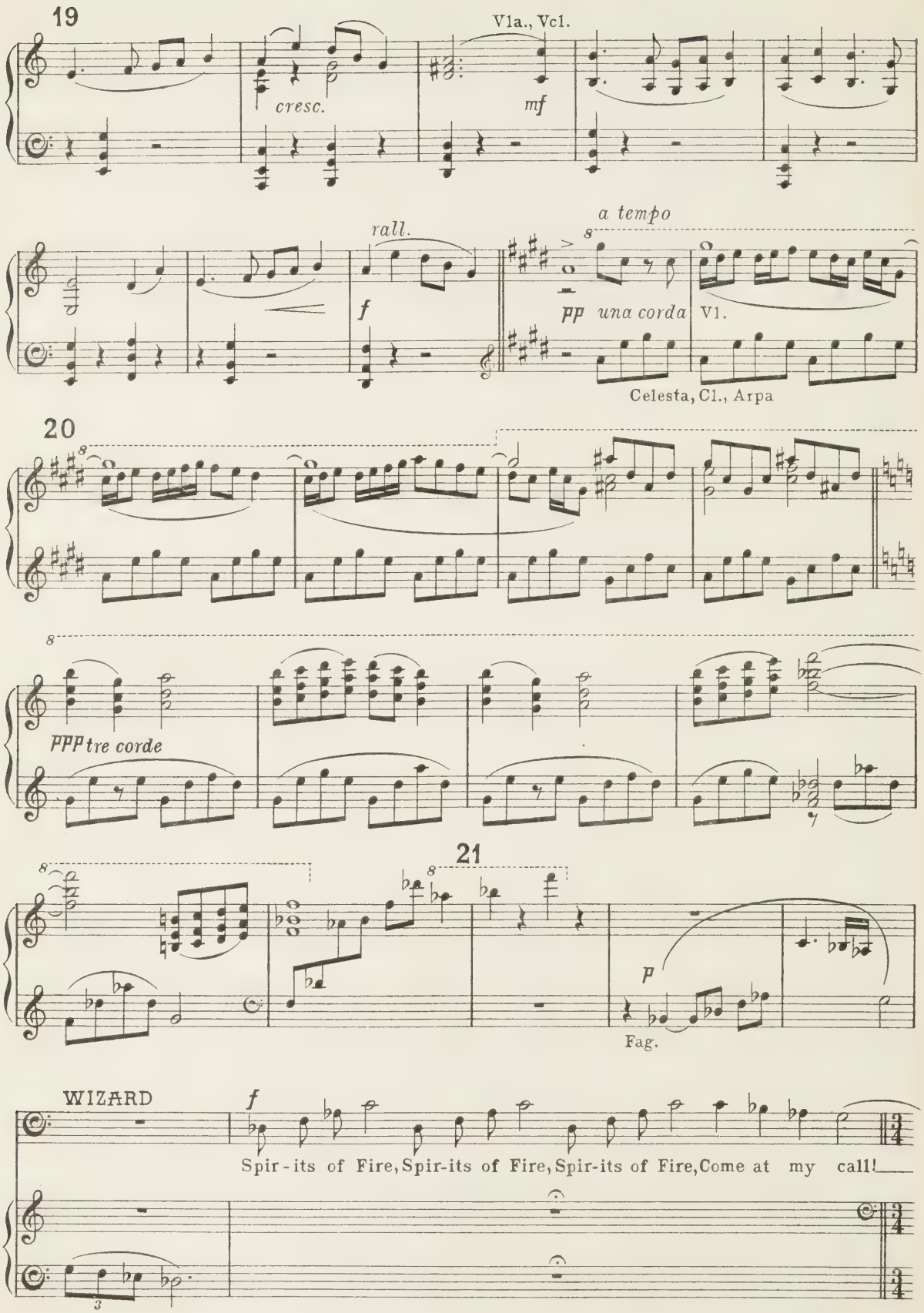
Arpa

L.H.

Fl.

mp

Arpa


19
Vla., Vcl.
cresc.
mf
rall.
f
a tempo
pp una corda
Vl.
Celesta, Cl., Arpa
20
ppp tre corde
21
p
Fag.
WIZARD
f
Spir-its of Fire, Spir-its of Fire, Spir-its of Fire, Come at my call!

DANCE OF SPIRITS OF FIRE

Allegro moderato

22

ff Tutti

8va bassa

sempre staccato

col 8ve

dim.

WIZARD

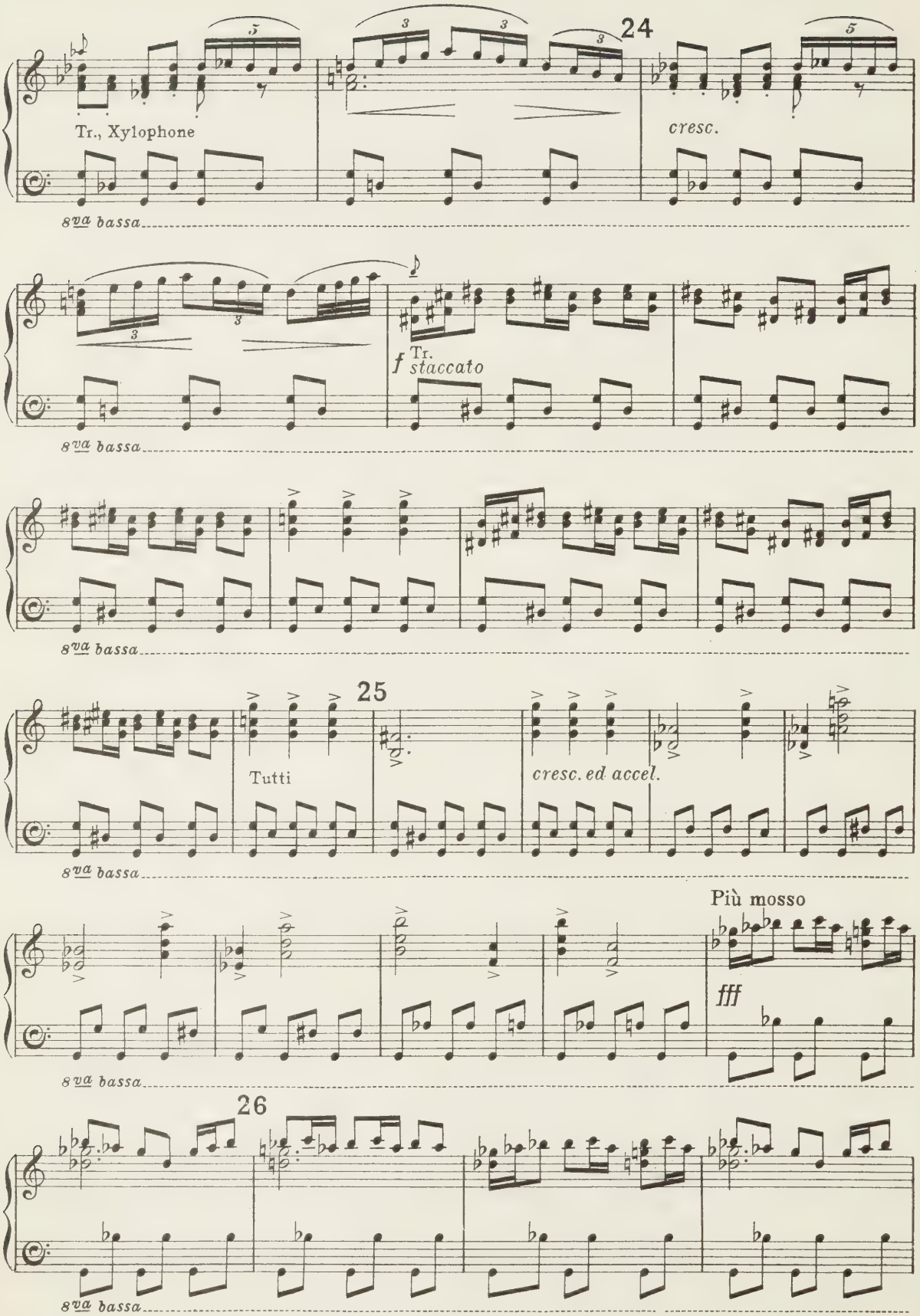
Dwell within this cup, Burn-ing,

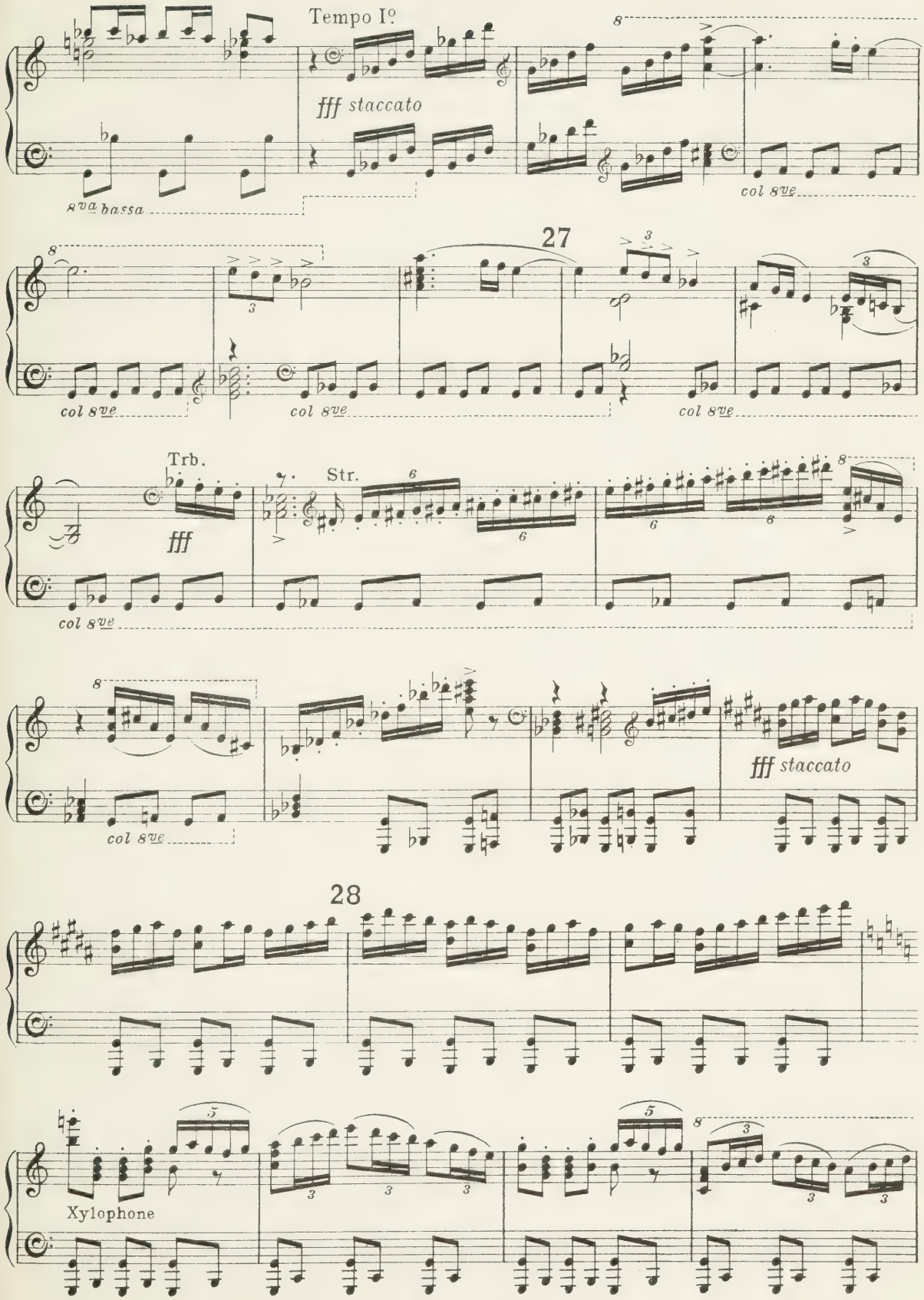
23

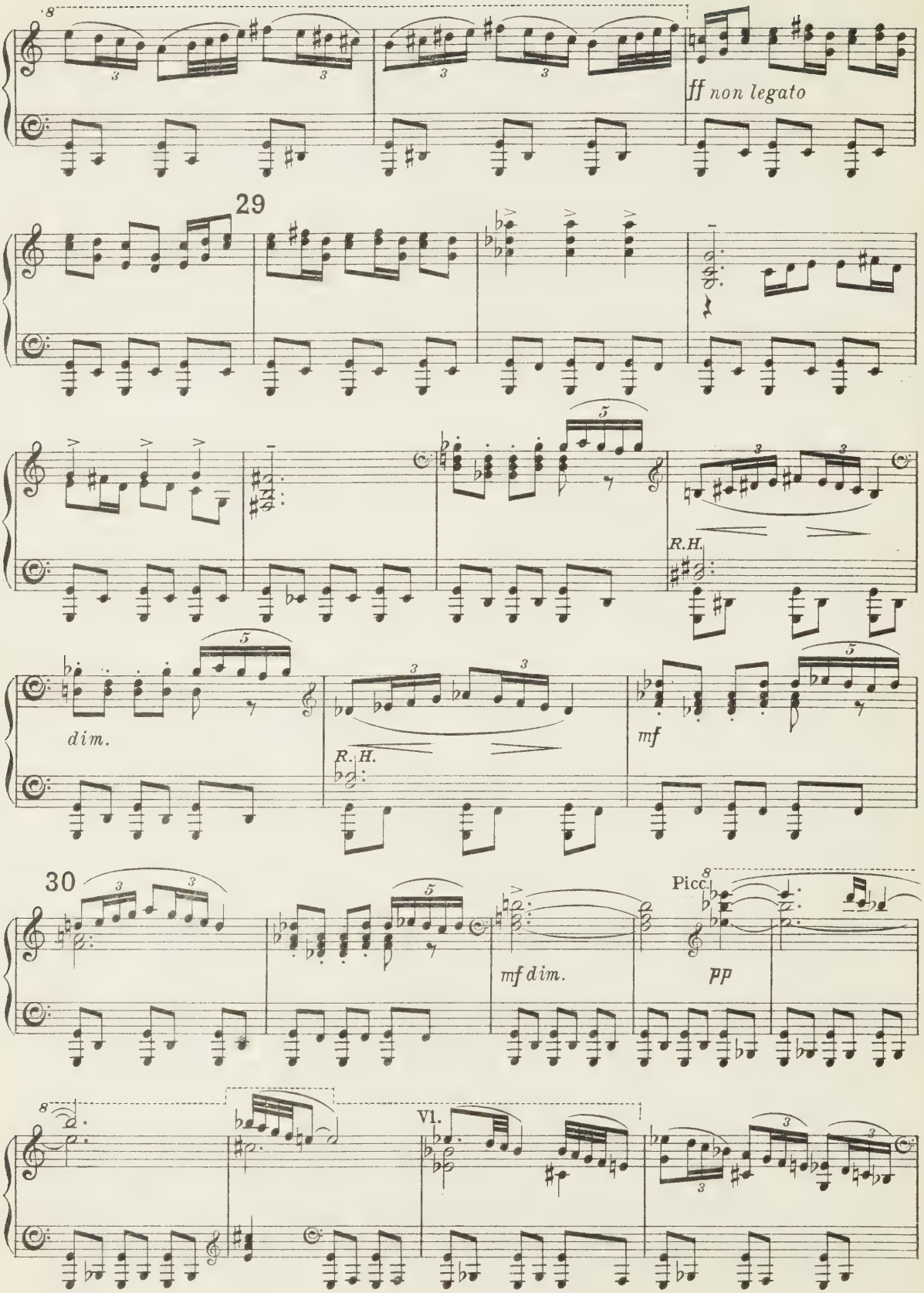
Scorch-ing, Blast-ing, O-bey!

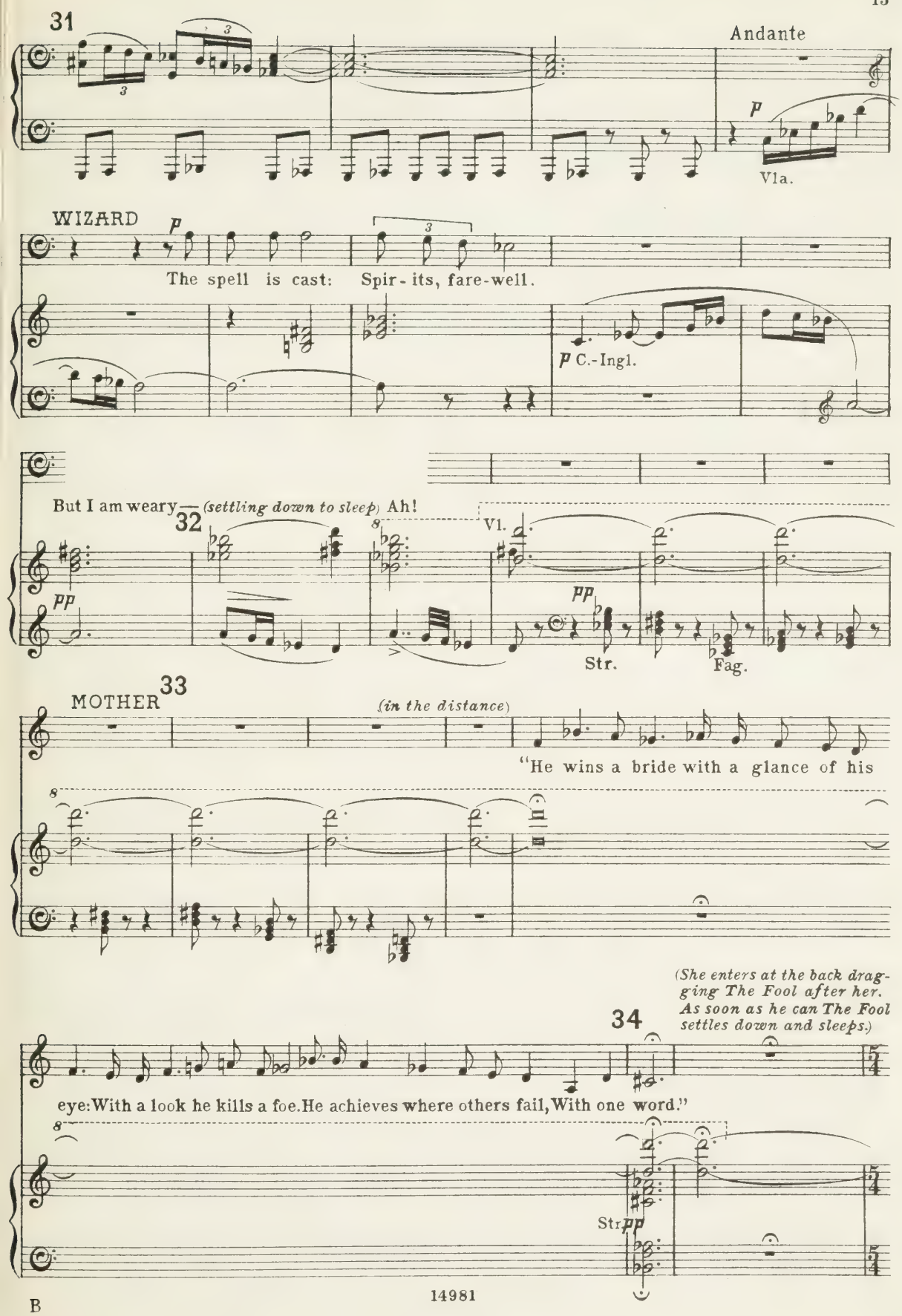
Fag., Str.

p staccato


24
Tr., Xylophone
cresc.
8va bassa
Tr.
f staccato
8va bassa
8va bassa
25
Tutti
cresc. ed accel.
8va bassa
Più mosso
fff
8va bassa
26
8va bassa


Tempo I°
fff staccato
8va bassa
col 8ve
27
Trb.
fff
Str.
fff staccato
28
Xylophone


ff non legato
29
R.H.
dim.
R.H.
mf
30
mf dim.
Picc.
pp
Vl.


31
Andante
p
Vla.
WIZARD
p
The spell is cast: Spir-its, fare-well.
p C.-Ingl.
But I am weary— (settling down to sleep) Ah!
32
pp
Vl.
pp
Str.
Fag.
MOTHER
33
(in the distance)
"He wins a bride with a glance of his
(She enters at the back dragging The Fool after her. As soon as he can The Fool settles down and sleeps.)
34
eye: With a look he kills a foe. He achieves where others fail, With one word."
Str.
pp

MOTHER

Home-less and hun-gry, Wea - ry and foot-sore We wan-der on. No-where a greet-ing,

*pp*

All doors are shut. Shel-ter-less, home-less, Men call us out-casts.

*parlante*

But when my son was born, wise men came to me saying:

*ad lib.*

"He wins a bride with a glance of his eye: With a look he kills a foe.

35

He a-chieves where o-thers fail, With one word."

*pp* Brass con sord.

Str.

There lies my son, A half-wit-ted fool Who shows me no love; Id - le and help-less,

Car- ing for no one. When a-wake he is yawn-ing, When not yawn-ing he sleeps.

*ad lib.*

"He wins a bride with a glance of his eye"— But how, when he never opens his eyes?

*ad lib.*

"With a look he kills a foe"— Probably in his dreams. A good way to fight battles!

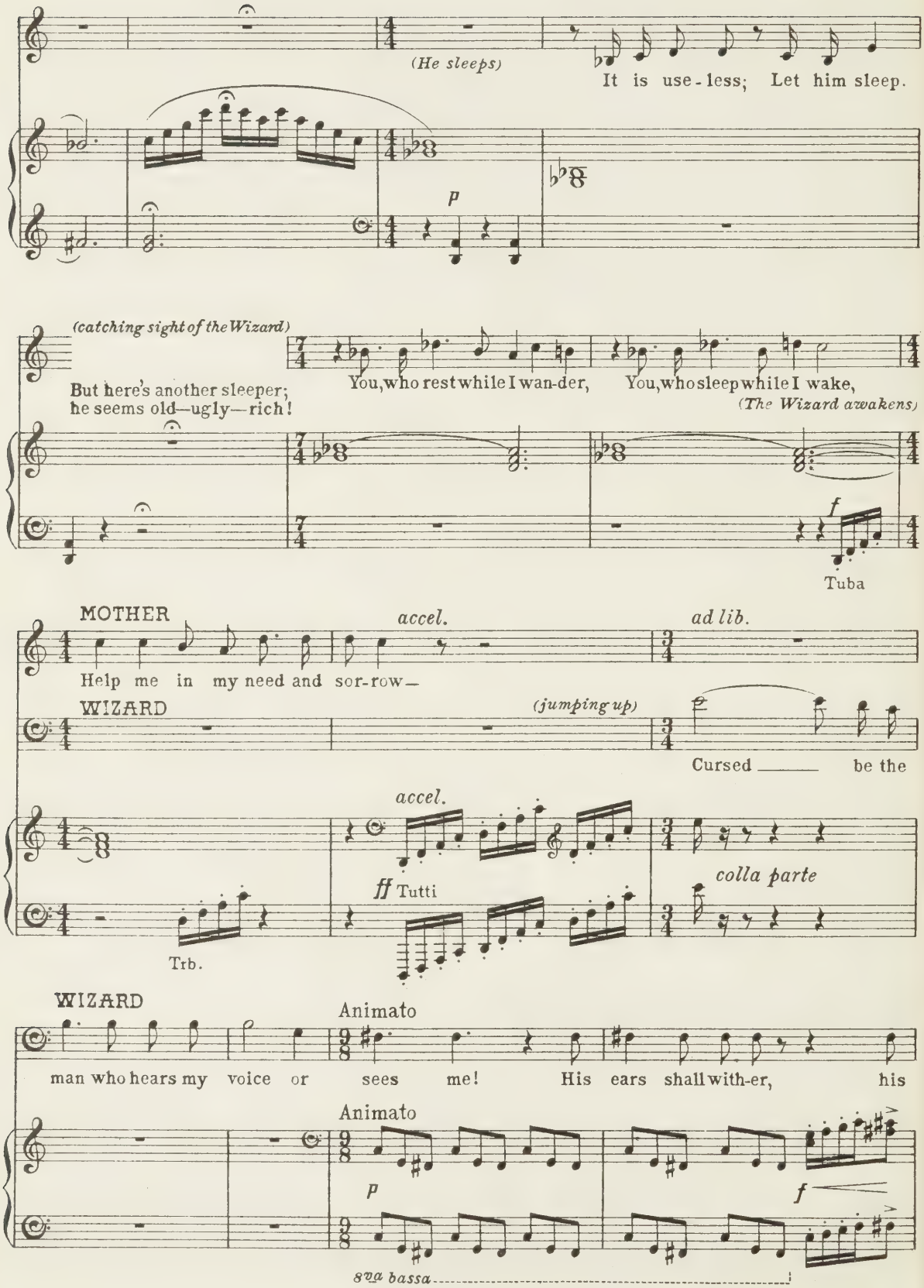
"He a-chieves where others fail, With one word." But he never speaks! Not a word to his Mother, not a word of help, of kind-liness, of love.

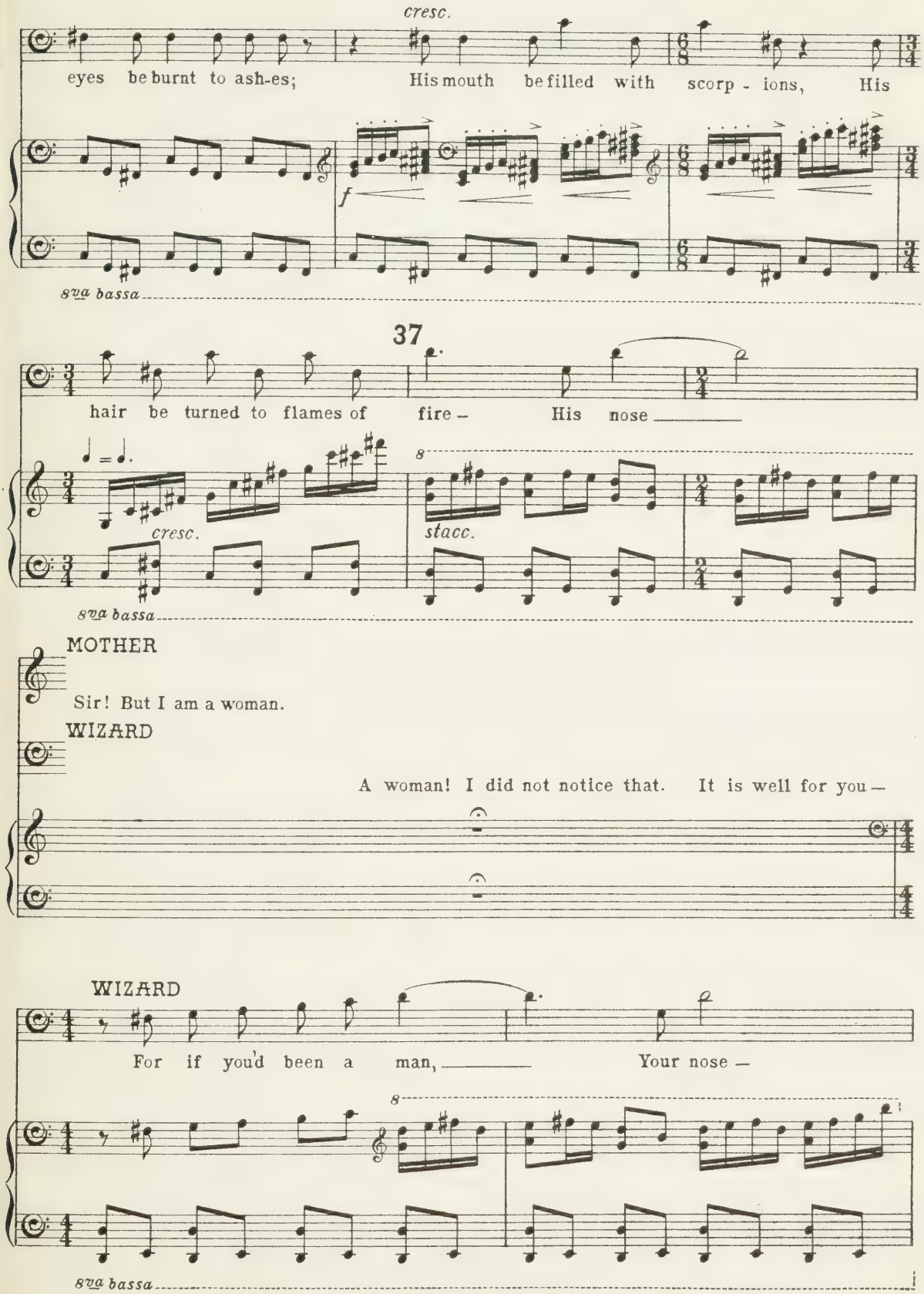
Brass *pp* Str.

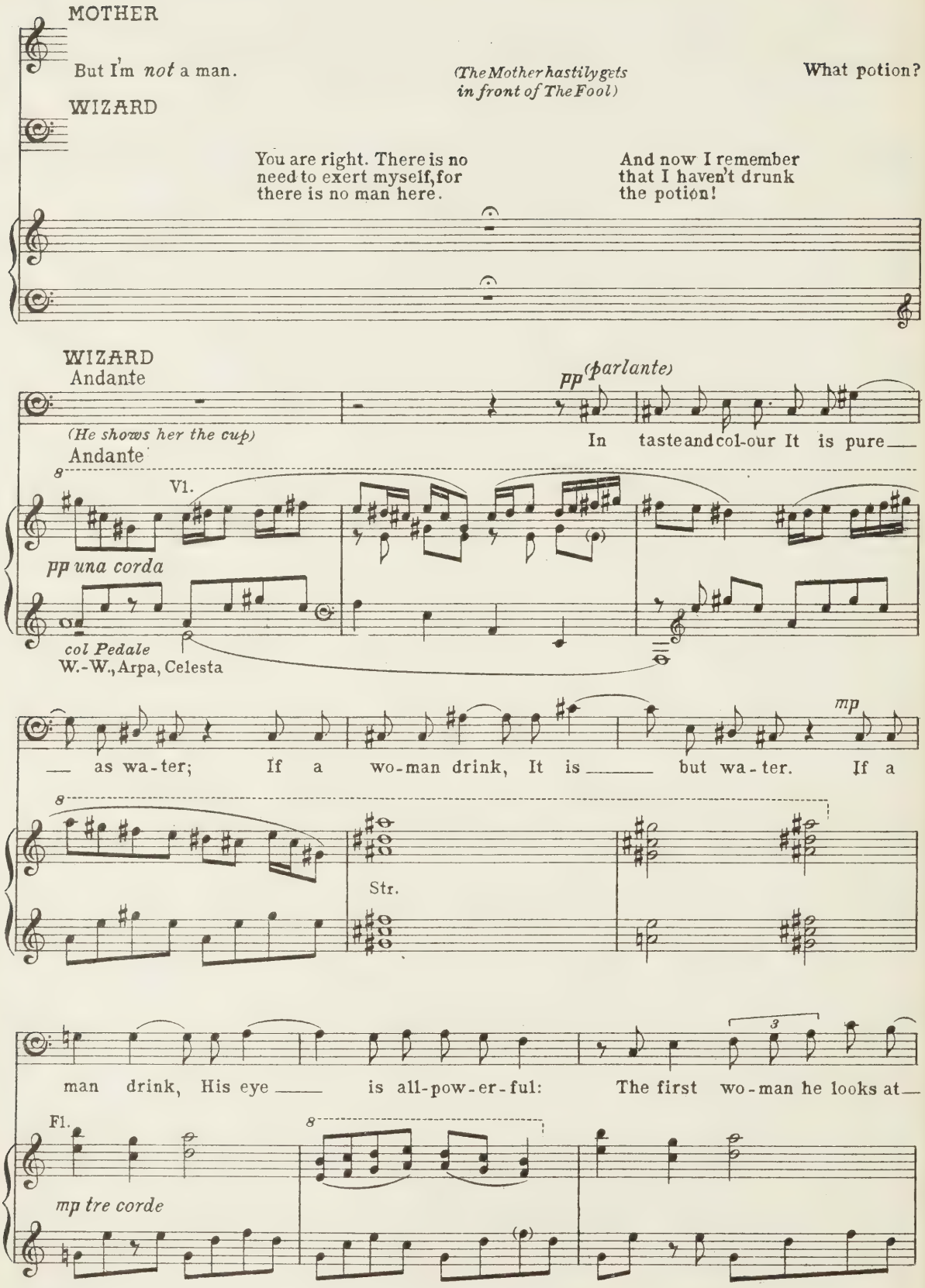
Animato 36 *f* Andante

*(She goes to him and shakes him)* Wak- en, wak- en And keep a-wake! *(The Fool yawns)*

Animato W.-W., Tr. Str. pizz. Vla. *f* Andante Fl. *p dolce*


(He sleeps)
It is use-less; Let him sleep.
p
(catching sight of the Wizard)
But here's another sleeper;
he seems old—ugly—rich!
You, who rest while I wan-der, You, who sleep while I wake,
(The Wizard awakens)
f
Tuba
MOTHER
accel.
ad lib.
Help me in my need and sor-row—
WIZARD
(jumping up)
Cursed be the
accel.
ff Tutti
colla parte
Trb.
WIZARD
Animato
man who hears my voice or sees me! His ears shall with-er, his
Animato
p
f
8va bassa


cresc.
eyes be burnt to ash-es; His mouth be filled with scorp - ions, His
f
8va bassa
37
hair be turned to flames of fire – His nose
cresc.
stacc.
8va bassa
MOTHER
Sir! But I am a woman.
WIZARD
A woman! I did not notice that. It is well for you –
WIZARD
For if you'd been a man, Your nose –
8va bassa


MOTHER
But I'm *not* a man.
(The Mother hastily gets in front of The Fool)
What potion?
WIZARD
You are right. There is no need to exert myself, for there is no man here.
And now I remember that I haven't drunk the potion!
WIZARD
Andante
pp (parlante)
(He shows her the cup)
In taste and col-our It is pure
Andante
Vl.
pp una corda
col Pedale
W.-W., Arpa, Celesta
as wa-ter; If a wo-man drink, It is but wa-ter. If a
mp
Str.
man drink, His eye is all-pow-er-ful: The first wo-man he looks at
Fl.
mp tre corde

Is filled with love - long-ing; She for-gets the world And lives but for him.

Vla.

Vla.

38 Animato

*mf* *cresc.*

When first he looks at a man, Flames of

Animato

Trb.

*p* Str.

*cresc.*

*f*

fire Rise from the ground And burn him

add W.-W.

*f*

MOTHER

Please don't begin it again!

WIZARD

Be calm! As I said before, you are only a woman.

*p*

MOTHER

WIZARD

What Princess?

And I've not drunk the potion.

I shall not do so until I see the Princess.

*pp*

WIZARD
Allegretto

*p dolce*

She, who rules this land and peo-ple, She, who rules our hearts; To - day she comes to

Allegretto

*p* Arpa

choose a worth-y hus - band. *cresc.* She is so fair that ev - 'ry man who sees her

Str.

W.-W. sustain

*cresc.*

Is caught in the mag - ic of her beau - - - - ty.

*cresc.*

*cresc.*

*f*

W.-W.

WIZARD

There is an ancient prophecy that runs:—

39 Andante

"She shall mar - ry the man who does The

Andante

*p* Trb.

MOTHER

"She shall mar - ry the man who does The

WIZARD

deed no o - ther can do."

*pp*

MOTHER

*pp sotto voce*

deed no o - ther can do." "He wins a bride with a glance of his eye: With a

*ppp*

Str.

look he kills a foe; He achieves where o-thers fail, With one word."

add Fag., Cor.

*cresc.*

*f*

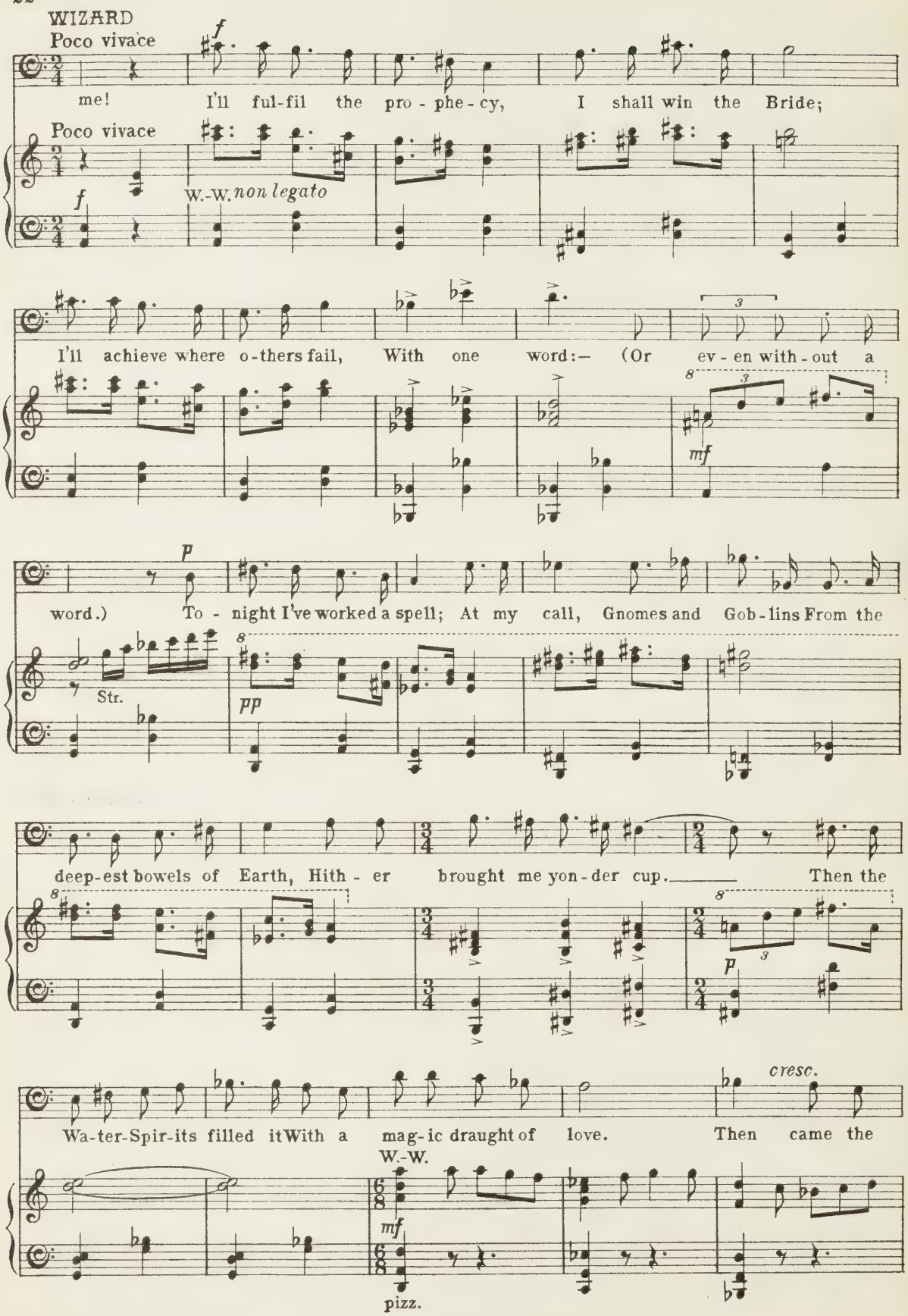
MOTHER

Oh Sir, forgive me! I don't know what I am saying!

*(relieved)* Yes, of course they refer to you.

WIZARD

But I know. You are a woman of sense and your words are true: they refer to me. To


WIZARD
Poco vivace
me! I'll ful-fil the pro - phe - cy, I shall win the Bride;
Poco vivace
W.-W. non legato
I'll achieve where o-thers fail, With one word:— (Or ev - en with - out a
word.) To - night I've worked a spell; At my call, Gnomes and Gob - lins From the
Str.
deep-est bowels of Earth, Hith - er brought me yon - der cup. Then the
Wa-ter-Spir-its filled it With a mag-ic draught of love. Then came the
cresc.
W.-W.
pizz.

Sal- a-mand-ers Pour-ing in flames of Fire At my word!___ (And some-times

L'istesso tempo

with-out a word.) "She shall mar-ry the man who does The deed no o-ther can

L'istesso tempo

p Trb.

do!" It is I! She was born for me, I wait for her. And the

W.-W.

mf

rest of your words are true:— 40 Adagio "He wins a bride with a glance of his eye"—

Adagio

Str.

Corni

WIZARD

Yes indeed! When I have drunk the potion, I shall gaze into the eyes of the Princess— so! She will forget the rest of the world and sink down at my feet in ecstasy.

Vl.

WIZARD

But perhaps her courtiers will not like me; I am not young and gay as they are.

"With a look he kills a foe"— How true! For if any one dare to cross my path, I merely gaze on him,—

Tutti without Tr.

*p*

*(It is growing lighter steadily and the Mother's anxiety to hide her son becomes more intense)*

Allegro

*mf cresc.*

thus!

Then around him Spring up dev-ils, Born of Fire.

Allegro

*p* *f*

Roar-ing flames surround him, Inch by inch his bod-y Scorch-es, blist-ers, burns—

*p* *f* *p* *f* *p* *f*

MOTHER

Stop! I cannot bear it any longer; it's too bad of you!

*(examining The Fool)*
He's not burnt yet!

WIZARD

*(gently)* As I said before, you are perfectly safe because you are not a man.
But it was wrong of me to frighten you.

*(to himself)* It is long since I last spoke to a woman; and I will
I need practice in politeness— obtain it!

WIZARD

Moderato

I will re-hearse my woo-ing-song. Come

Moderato

*f* W.-W., Str. *p* Str. *stacc.*

here, good woman; You shall aid me. We will pre-tend You are the Prin-cess. Smile

41

*(He strikes an attitude)*

gent-ly, look gracious— Oh! Can't you do better than *that?* So. That looks quite well!

*f* Tr. *f*

Queen of this land and all our hearts, O Queen of love-li-ness, To all who look up-on thy face,

MOTHER (aside)

This is worse than ever!

WIZARD

Look-ing is lov-ing. We can-not help a-dor-ing thee, Fair-est of wo-man-kind;

He's going mad!

Thy look doth dazzle ev'ry eye, Burns it with rapture — Now listen attentively: I'm coming to the important part. Until this day thou hast not found

WIZARD

One wor-thy of thy love; So now re-joice, for he is here,— He stands be-fore thee.

Be not surprised at what I say, I am th'ap-pointed one— But why are you so stiff? That's the great point of the song and you missed it!—We must go back and do it properly. Let me see, where was I? Oh yes!

*cresc. ed accel. poco a poco*

So now re-joice, for he is here,—He stands be-fore thee—Now then! Be not surprised at what I say,

*cresc. ed accel. poco a poco*

I am th'ap-point-ed one! If thou hast beau-ty, I have power, Wis-dom and know-ledge.

Now in my heart thy beau-ty burns, Thy glance bewitches me, Thou art indeed my heart's de-sire,

W.-W., Corni, Str.

*p*

Vivace

*(He comes closer to her; she backs away, always trying to hide The Fool.)*

My true love's la - dy. Come! I a-wait thee, Come to my arms, Come!

Vivace

W.-W.

*f staccato*

add Str.

MOTHER

*(exhausted)*

It's all over!

WIZARD

*(turning from her in disgust)*

Come! You're the worst actress I've ever met—no feeling, no imagination, no sense of style!

*p*

*(amazed)*

He has'nt seen him after all!

Allegretto

It might be wise to drink just a little of the potion.

She would listen to me then.

One can al-ways use a se-cond

Allegretto

*p*

*p*

WIZARD

*(It is almost daylight now)*

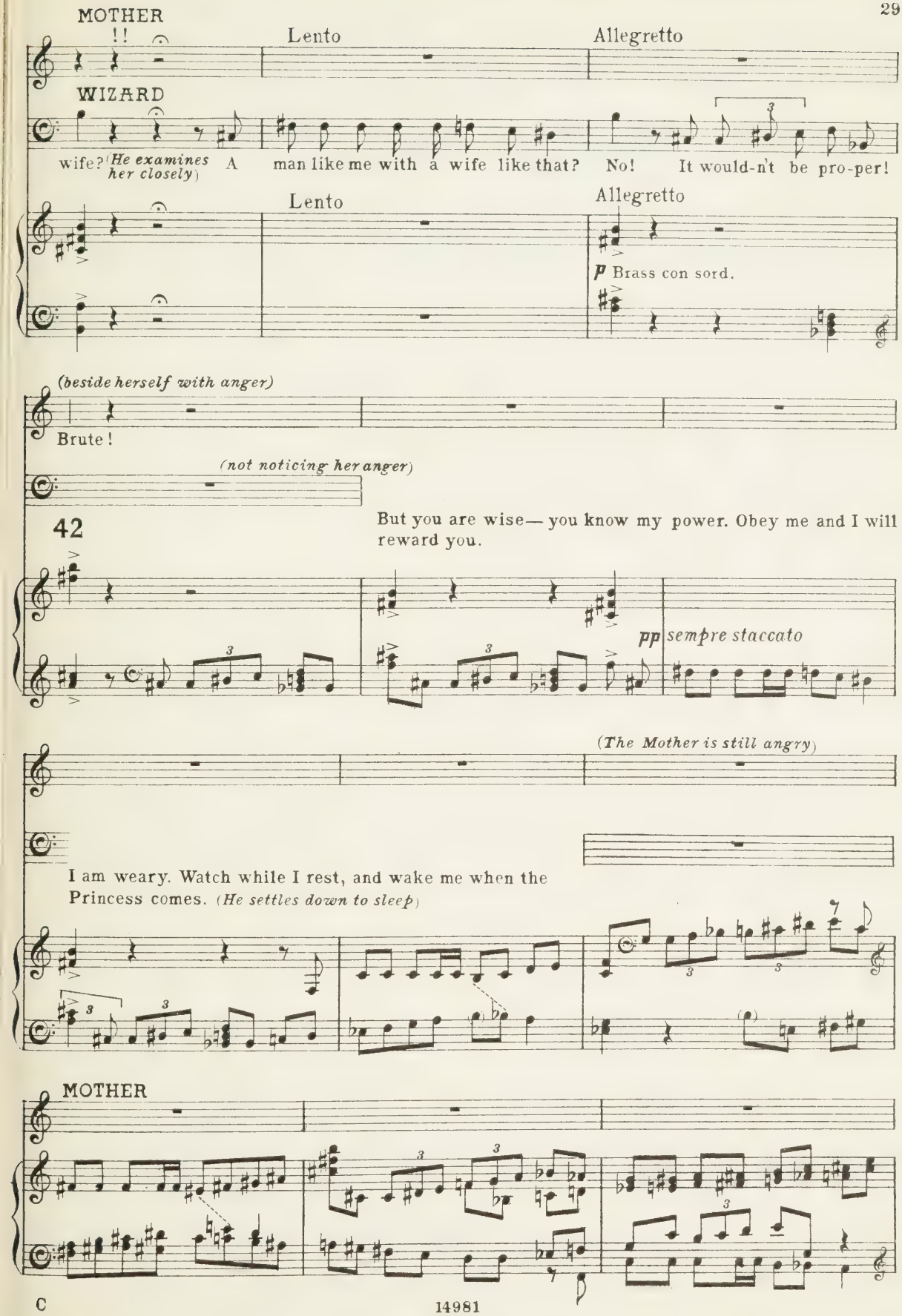
wife.—Come here, woman!

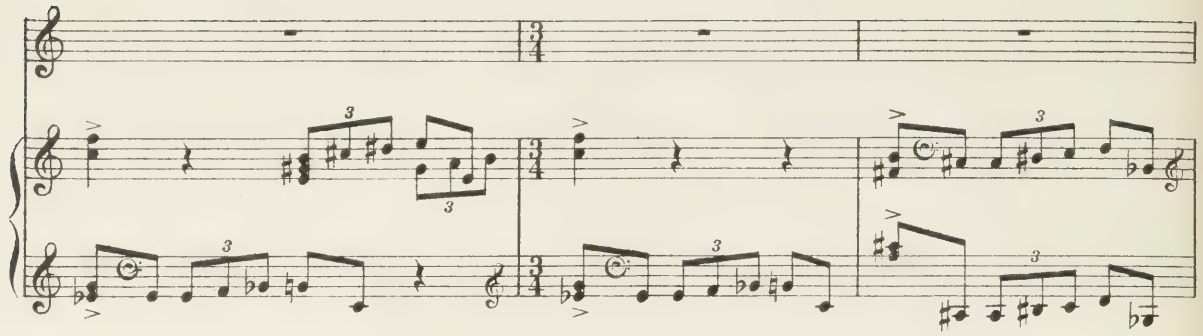
Come where I can clear-ly see your face:

You have sense and you are wise;

Have you beau-ty?

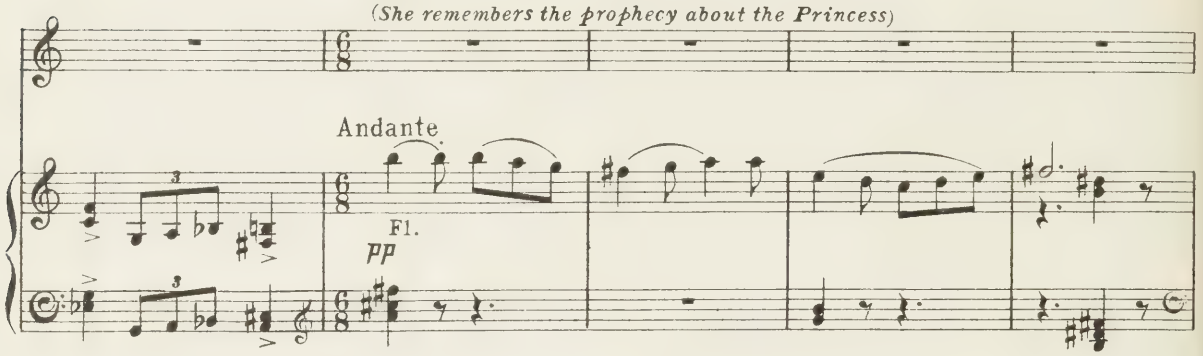
Are you fit to be my


MOTHER
!!
Lento
Allegretto
WIZARD
wife? (He examines her closely) A man like me with a wife like that? No! It would-n't be pro-per!
Lento
Allegretto
p Brass con sord.
(beside herself with anger)
Brute!
(not noticing her anger)
42
But you are wise— you know my power. Obey me and I will reward you.
pp sempre staccato
(The Mother is still angry)
I am weary. Watch while I rest, and wake me when the Princess comes. (He settles down to sleep)
MOTHER



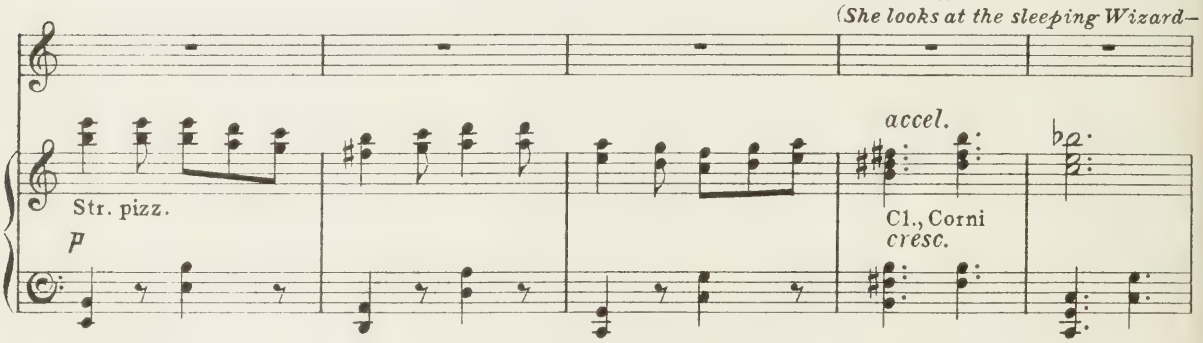
Andante

*(She remembers the prophecy about the Princess)*



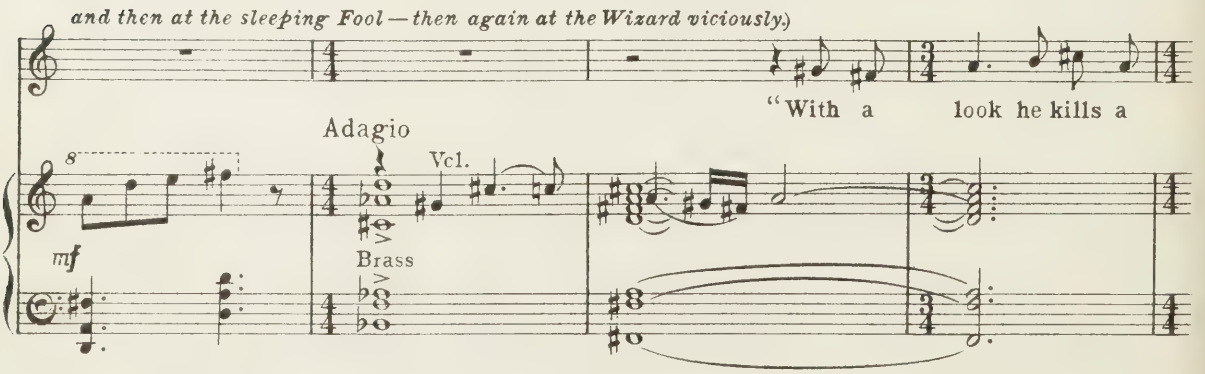

*accel.*

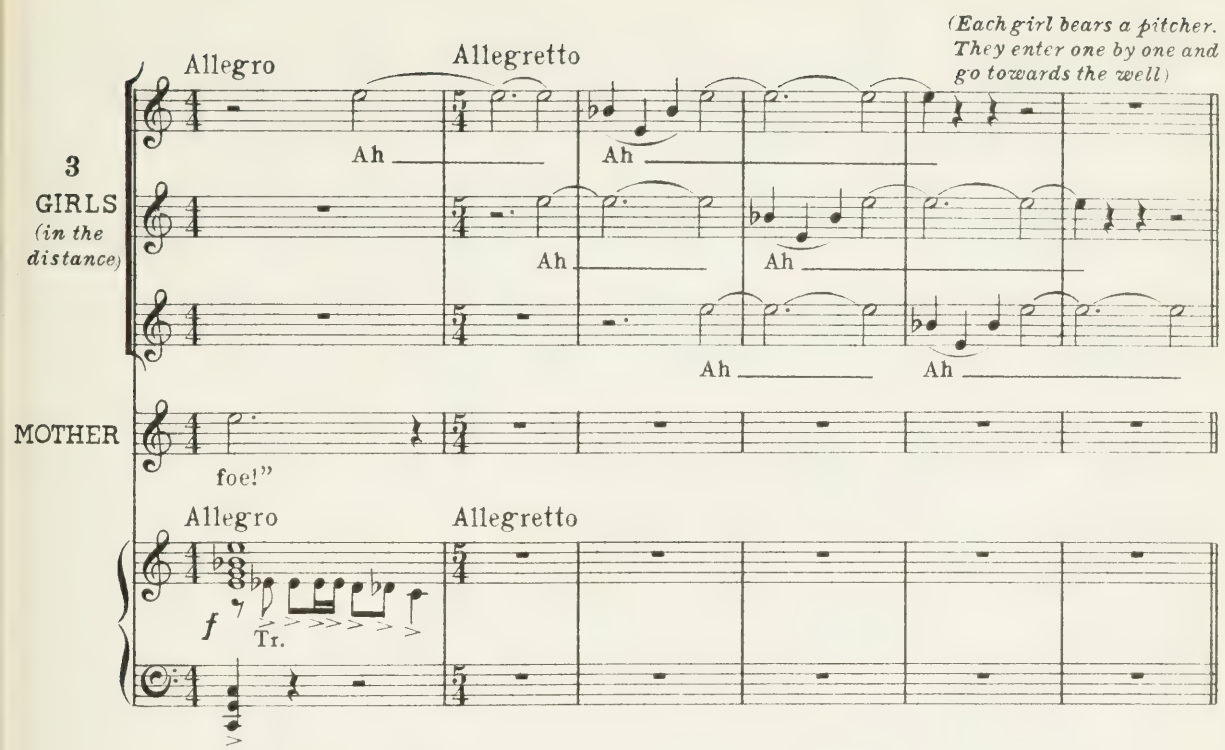
*(She looks at the sleeping Wizard–*

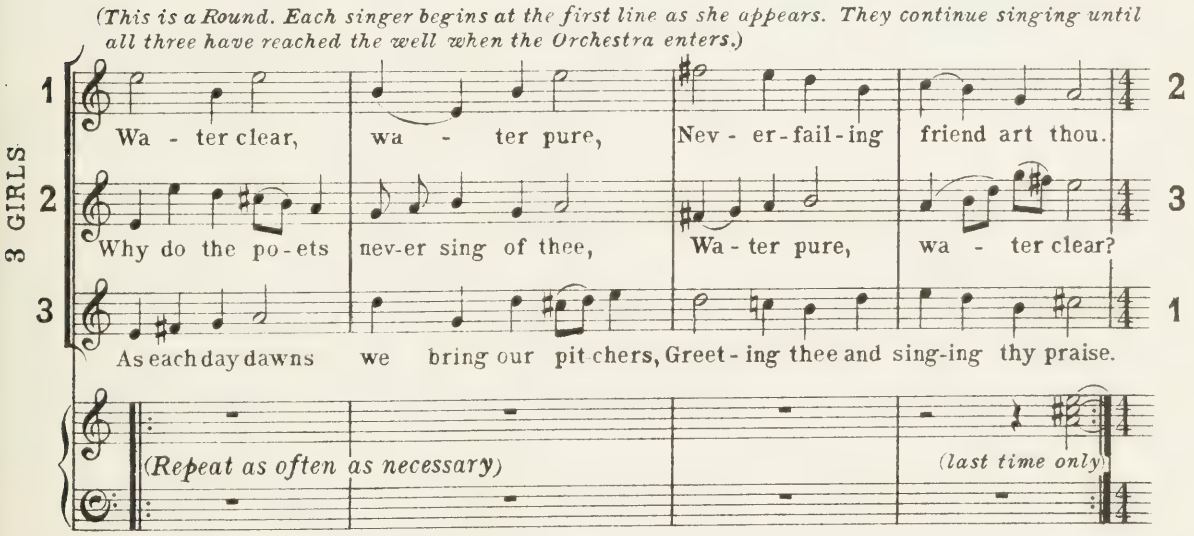


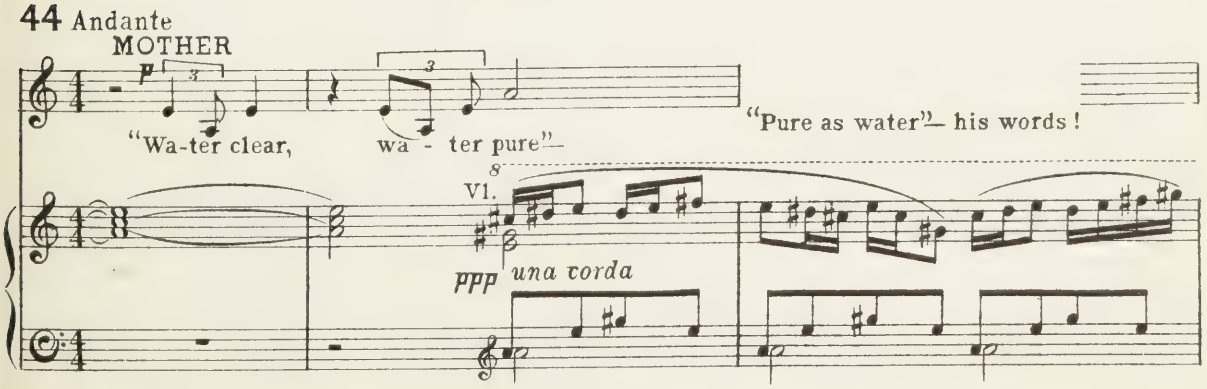

**43** Adagio

*and then at the sleeping Fool — then again at the Wizard viciously.)*




(Each girl bears a pitcher. They enter one by one and go towards the well)
Allegro
Allegretto
3 GIRLS (in the distance)
Ah
MOTHER
foe!"
Allegro
Allegretto
f
Tr.


(This is a Round. Each singer begins at the first line as she appears. They continue singing until all three have reached the well when the Orchestra enters.)
3 GIRLS
1
2
3
Wa - ter clear, wa - ter pure, Nev - er-fail-ing friend art thou.
Why do the po-ets nev-er sing of thee, Wa - ter pure, wa - ter clear?
As each day dawns we bring our pit-chers, Greet - ing thee and sing-ing thy praise.
(Repeat as often as necessary)
(last time only)


44 Andante
MOTHER
p
"Wa-ter clear, wa - ter pure"—
"Pure as water"— his words!
Vl.
ppp una corda

"In taste and col-our it is pure as wa-ter"—

8

tre corde

Tr.

p Corni cresc.

faccel.

45 Vivace

(Keeping an eye on

Vivace

W.-W.

Str.

Tr. con sord.

stacc.

Str.

pp

f

pp

f

pp

f

pp

Tr. con sord.

the Wizard she runs swiftly and silently to the cup and brings it to The Fool.)

(pp sempre)

stacc.

(She shakes him)

(Holding his head back by the hair she pours some of the potion down his throat.— He chokes.)

46 Andante maestoso

Wa - ken and keep a-wake!

Andante maestoso

Vla.

f Corni

*(After looking to see if there is any left, she pours the remainder into his mouth.)*

*mf* *molto cresc.* *fff* *dim.*

*(The 3rd girl fills the cup from her pitcher. The others go off singing meanwhile. The 3rd joins them and they continue singing until the sound is lost in the distance.)*

Maidens, I pray you give me some water.

Allegretto

*p* W.-W., Str.

*(They sing the Round one by one, each starting from the beginning as before.)*

3 GIRLS

1 Wa - ter clear, wa - - ter pure, Ne - ver-fail - ing friend art thou. 2

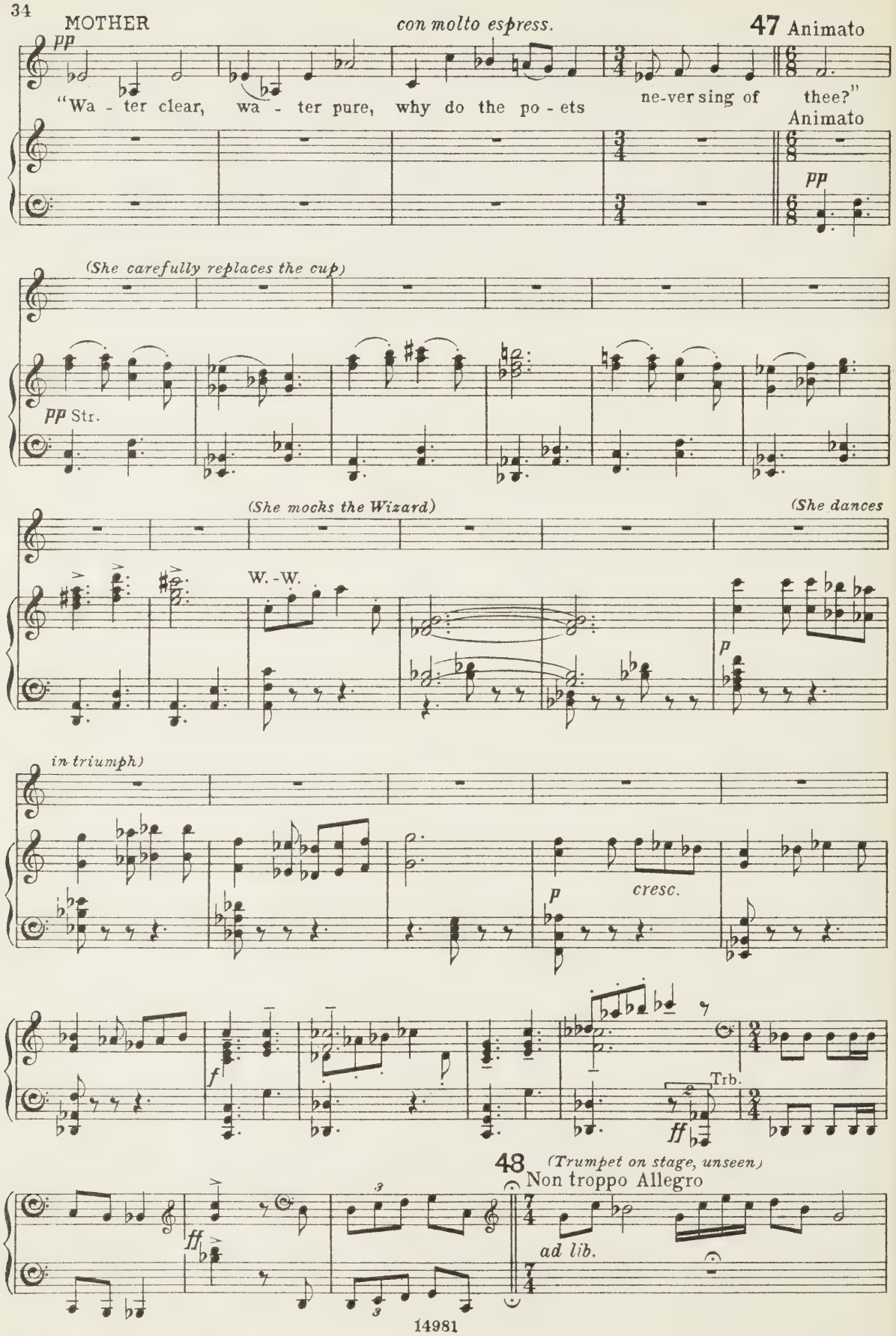
2 Why do the po - ets ne-ver sing of thee, Wa - ter pure, wa - - ter clear? 3

3 As each day dawns we bring our pit-chers, Greet - ing thee and sing-ing thy praise. 1

MOTHER *(listens — holding the cup in her hands)*

*(Repeat as often as necessary)*

*(first time only)*


MOTHER
con molto espress.
47 Animato
pp
"Wa - ter clear, wa - ter pure, why do the po - ets ne-ver sing of thee?"
Animato
pp
(She carefully replaces the cup)
pp Str.
(She mocks the Wizard)
W.-W.
(She dances
p
in triumph)
p
cresc.
f
Trb.
ff
48 (Trumpet on stage, unseen)
Non troppo Allegro
ff
ad lib.

Fl. Arpa
*p tranquillo*

*f*

*p* Corni

*(The Chorus enter in groups, talking to each other.)*

Str.
*p* W.-W.
*cresc.*

THE PRINCESS *enters, heralded by trumpeters and followed by her suite.*

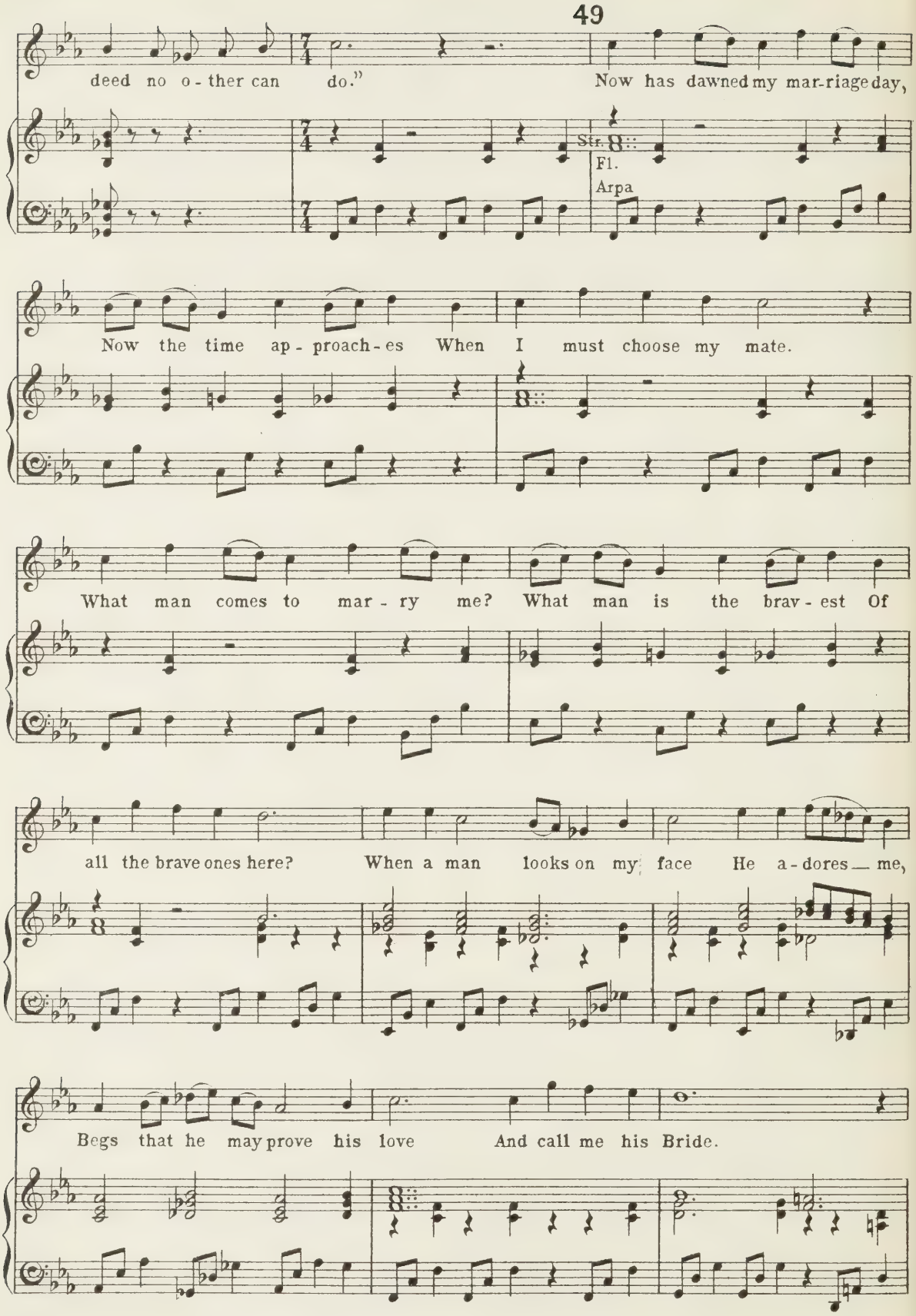
*f* Tr.
Fl. Arpa

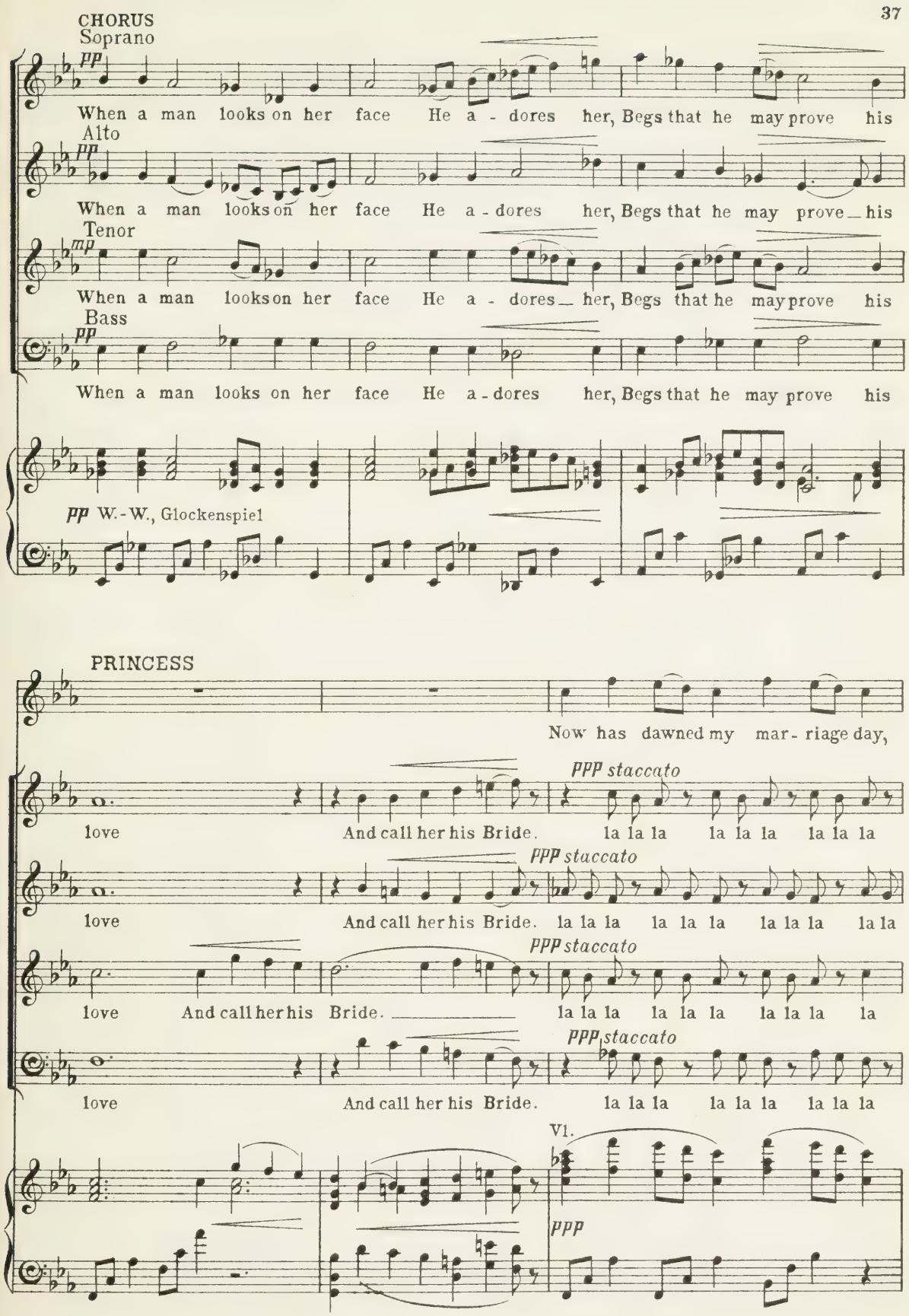
Andante
*p*
"I must mar-ry the man who does The

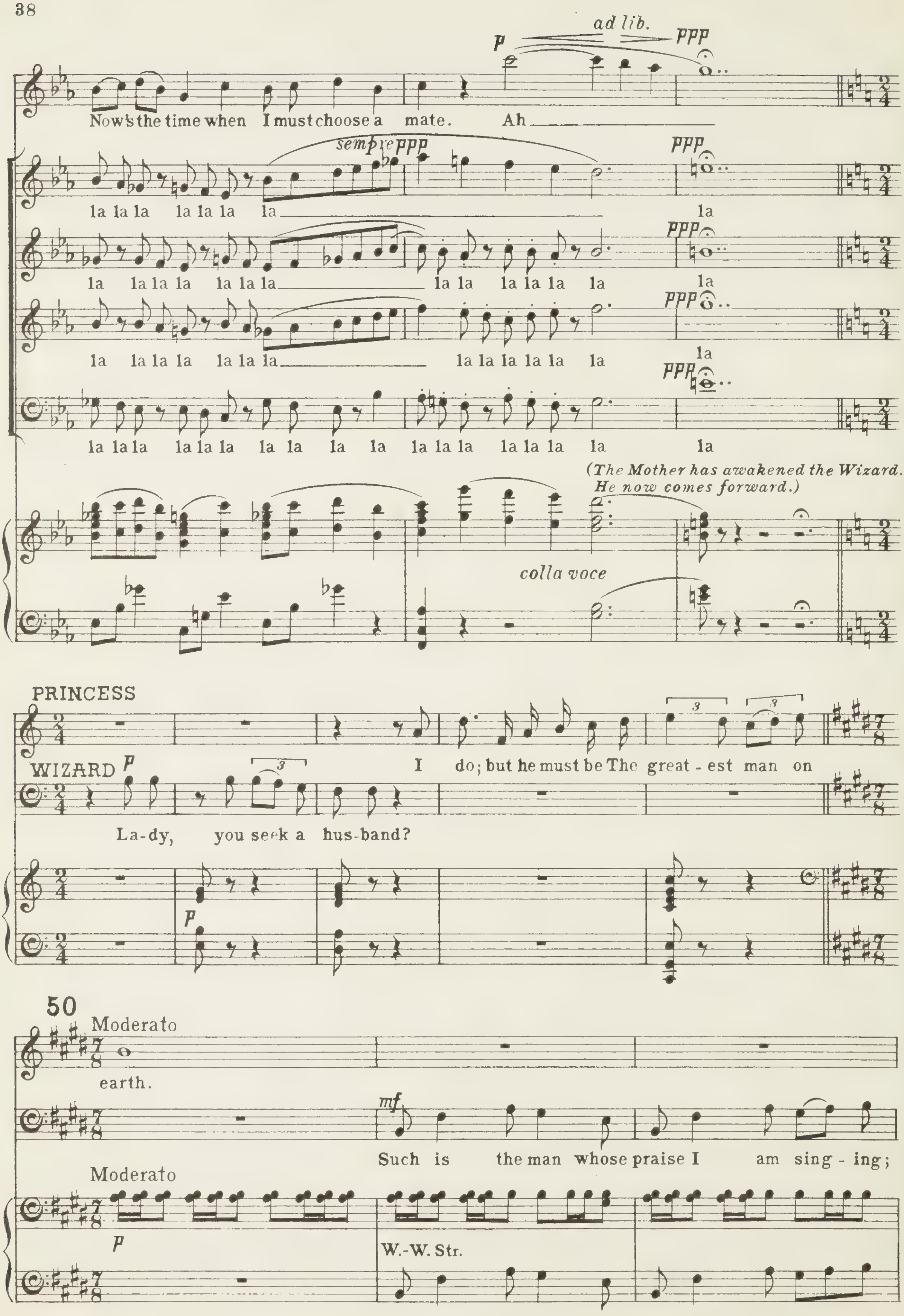
*dim.*

*p* Str. *dim.*

Andante
*p* Arpa


49
deed no o - ther can do."
Now has dawned my mar-riage day,
Str.
Fl.
Arpa
Now the time ap - proach - es When I must choose my mate.
What man comes to mar - ry me? What man is the brav - est Of
all the brave ones here? When a man looks on my face He a - dores — me,
Begs that he may prove his love And call me his Bride.


CHORUS
Soprano
pp
When a man looks on her face He a - dores her, Begs that he may prove his
Alto
pp
When a man looks on her face He a - dores her, Begs that he may prove his
Tenor
mp
When a man looks on her face He a - dores her, Begs that he may prove his
Bass
pp
When a man looks on her face He a - dores her, Begs that he may prove his
pp W.-W., Glockenspiel
PRINCESS
Now has dawned my mar - riage day,
ppp staccato
love And call her his Bride. la la la la la la la la la
ppp staccato
love And call her his Bride. la la la la la la la la la la la
ppp staccato
love And call her his Bride. la la la la la la la la la la
ppp staccato
love And call her his Bride. la la la la la la la la la
Vl.
ppp


ad lib.
p
ppp
Now's the time when I must choose a mate. Ah
sempre ppp
la la la la la la la
la
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
la
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
la
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
la
(The Mother has awakened the Wizard. He now comes forward.)
colla voce
PRINCESS
I do; but he must be The great - est man on
WIZARD
Lady, you seek a hus-band?
50
Moderato
earth.
mf
Such is the man whose praise I am sing - ing;
Moderato
W.-W. Str.

WIZARD

He knows the se - cret wis - dom and lore; His power ex - tends through-

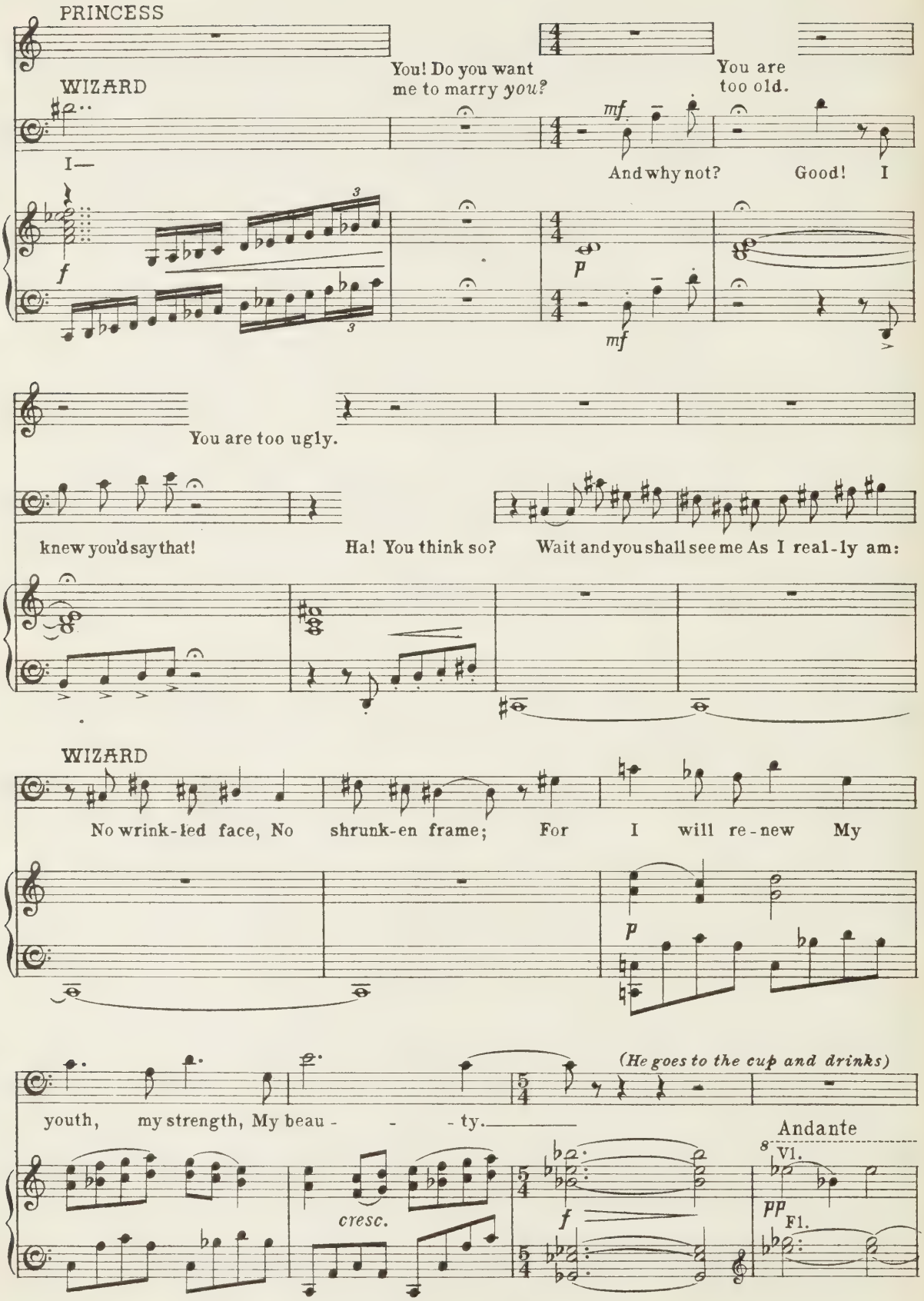
- out the world And rea - ches to___ that un - seen world where

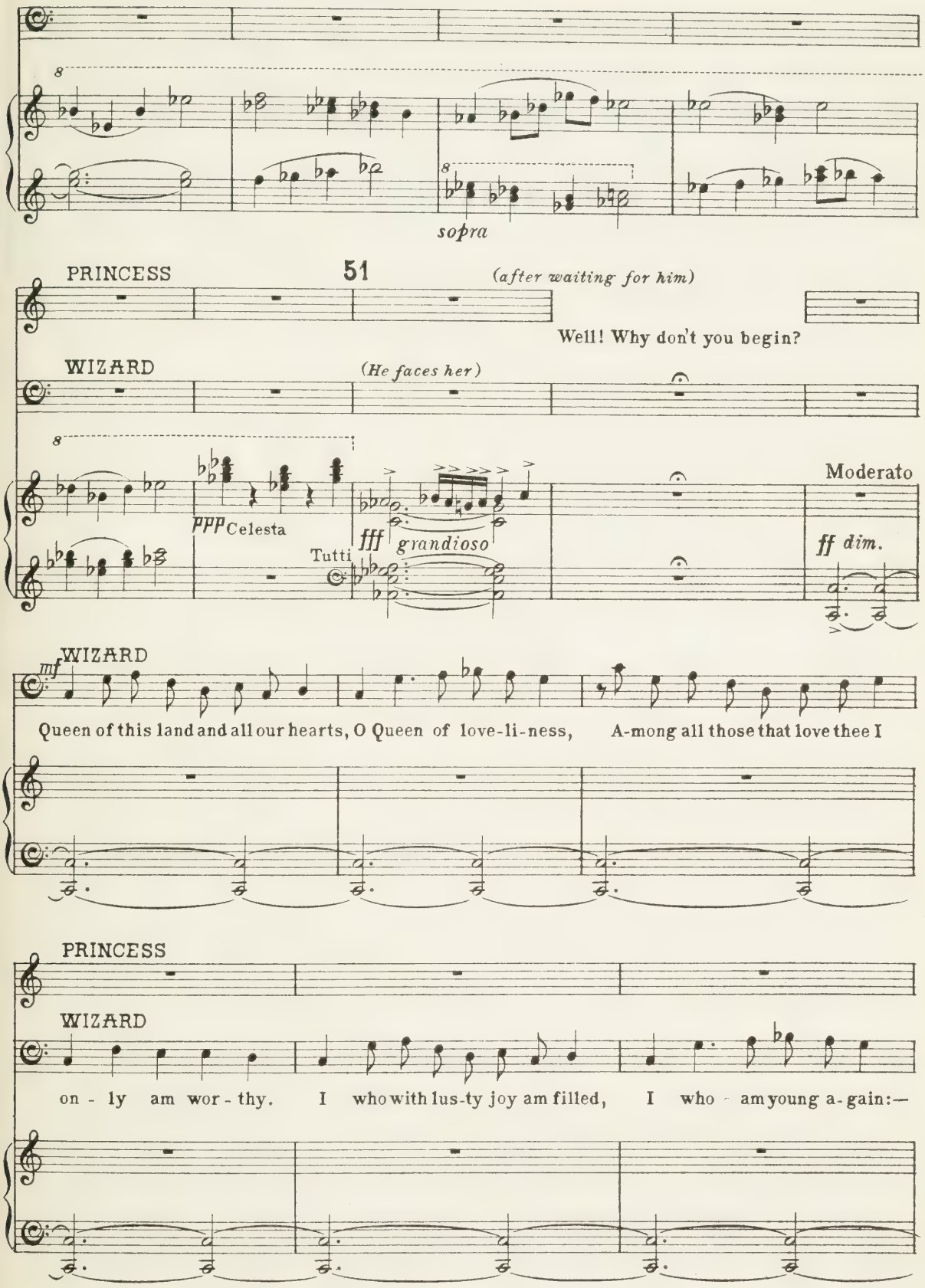
dwell The gnomes and gob-lins and djinns and devils. Ov - er all the

*cresc.*

race of de - mons, Fu - ries, ghosts, I hold sway; And

*cresc.*


PRINCESS
You! Do you want me to marry *you?*
You are too old.
WIZARD
I—
And why not?
Good! I
You are too ugly.
knew you'd say that!
Ha! You think so?
Wait and you shall see me As I real-ly am:
WIZARD
No wrink-led face, No shrunk-en frame; For I will re-new My
(He goes to the cup and drinks)
youth, my strength, My beau - - - ty.
Andante
Vl.
Fl.
cresc.


sopra
PRINCESS
51
(after waiting for him)
Well! Why don't you begin?
WIZARD
(He faces her)
Moderato
ppp Celesta
Tutti
fff grandioso
ff dim.
WIZARD
mf
Queen of this land and all our hearts, O Queen of love-li-ness, A-mong all those that love thee I
PRINCESS
WIZARD
on - ly am wor - thy. I who with lus-ty joy am filled, I who - am young a-gain:—

But you're not!

Certainly not! Don't be impertinent, sir!

Do you not feel the power of love Burn soul and bo - dy?

Animando

All I feel, sir, is that the joke is getting a little old— like you.

Now you are feel-ing Flames of ec-sta-sy Surg-ing with-in—

Animando

*mf* W.-W., Str.

*f*

Nay, 'tis false, 'Tis vain to hide. I know your in-most thoughts; I read your heart:—

*mf*

*(to her courtiers)*

Gentlemen, please protect me.

*(They come forward and threaten him)*

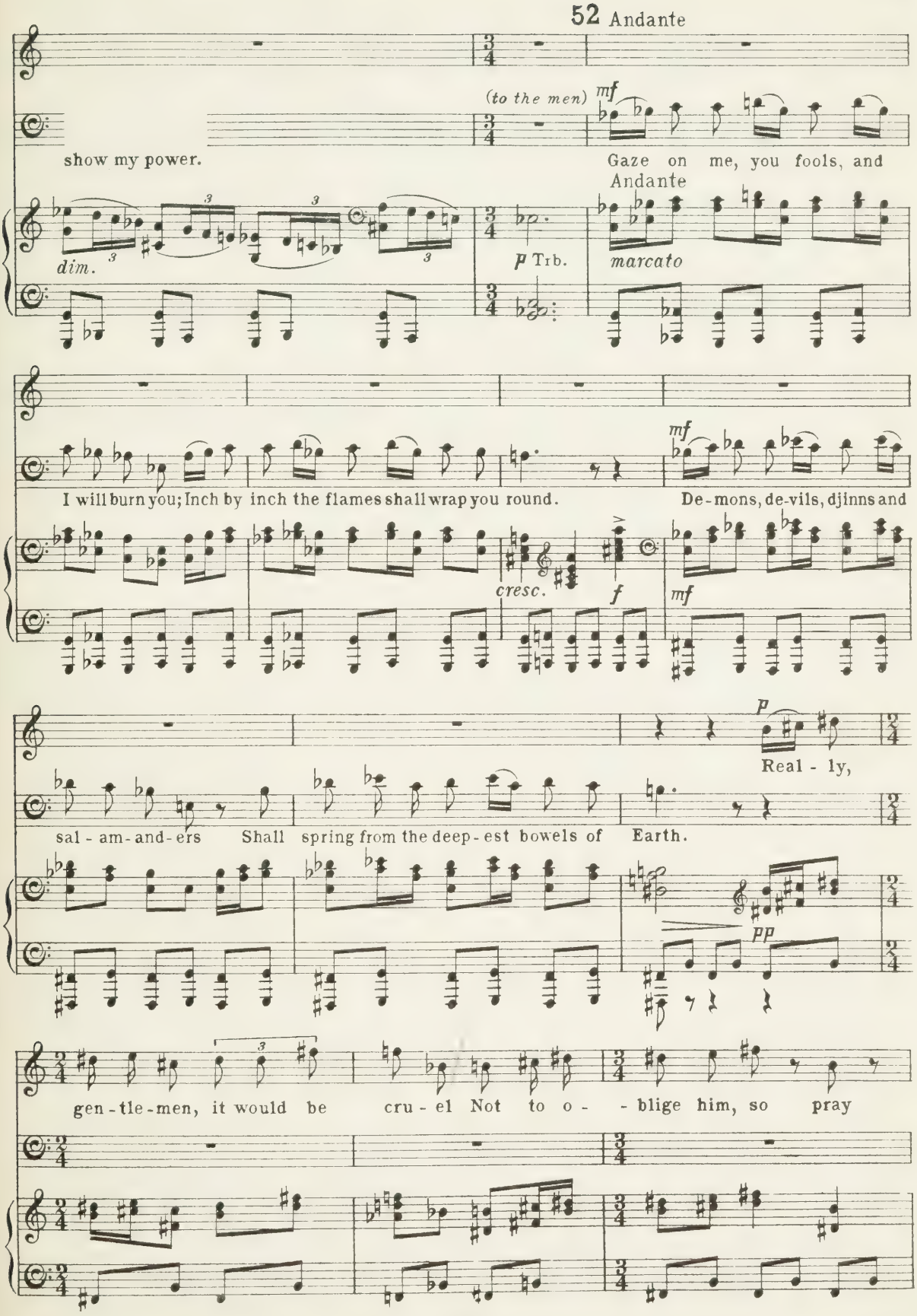
Thanks, lady! Now I can

*p*

*cresc.*

*mp*

*f*


52 Andante
(to the men)
mf
show my power.
Gaze on me, you fools, and
Andante
dim.
p Trb.
marcato
I will burn you; Inch by inch the flames shall wrap you round.
mf
De-mons, de-vils, djinns and
cresc.
f
mf
p
Real - ly,
sal - am-and-ers Shall spring from the deep-est bowels of Earth.
pp
gen-tle-men, it would be cru - el Not to o - - blige him, so pray

PRINCESS

burn!

WIZARD

*f*

Curse you all!

Tenor *mf*

We would o - bey you glad-ly, la-dy, We would burn, but the fire seems low.

Bass *mf*

We would o - bey you glad-ly, la-dy, We would burn, but the fire seems low.

*p* *mf* *f*

WIZARD

*(He examines the cup—in doing so he catches sight of the Mother)*

*f*

What has failed?

You!

*dim.* *p* *f* *p* *f* *p* *f* *p* *f*

MOTHER

*p* *ad lib.* *a tempo*

WIZARD

A man like you with a wife like that? No! It wouldn't be

You are the au-thor of all this trou-ble!

*f* *colla voce* *a tempo* *p*

MOTHER

pro-per!

Animato

*(He raises the cup to hurl it at her. The men snatch it from him.)*

*(After a struggle the men hold the Wizard back by the arms.)*

WIZARD *f*

May Hell _____ re-ceive you home!

Soprano *f* Animato

No! No! It would-n't be pro-per! No! It

Alto *f*

No! No! It would-n't be pro-per! No! It

Tenor *f*

No! _____ No! _____ It would-n't be pro-per! No! It

Bass *f*

No! _____ No! _____ It would-n't be pro-per! No! It

Animato

*p* *f*

*ff*

would-n't be pro-per! No! A man like you with a wife like that? No! _____

would-n't be pro-per! No! A man like you with a wife like that? No! _____

would-n't be pro-per! No! A man like you with a wife like that? No! _____

would-n't be pro-per! No! A man like you with a wife like that? No! _____

*ff*

53

Allegro

It wouldn't be pro-per!

It wouldn't be pro-per!

It wouldn't be pro-per!

It wouldn't be pro-per!

53 Allegro

*ff* *dim.* *f* *dim.*

8va bassa

*mf* WIZARD

Soon I'll re-turn And pour out my ven-geance. Now I'll a-way And

*mf*

8va bassa

go to the moun-tains: There I'll sum-mon The gnomes and gob-lins To

8va bassa

*cresc.*

guide me Through deep, gloom-y ca-verns, Down to where, in

8va bassa

un-known re-gions, Earth's pri - me - val fire is burn-ing;

8va bassa

This shall sweep through-out your land.

mf cresc.

f

54 Andante

mf

I will bring you djinns and sal-a-man-ders, I will scorch and blast each liv-ing

Andante

mf

col 8ve

WIZARD

Animato

thing—

Soprano

f

You have said all this be - fore, sir, Can't you sing us some-thing new?

Alto

f

You have said all this be - fore, sir, Can't you sing us some-thing new?

Tenor

Bass

f

Can't you sing us some-thing

Animato

8

f

col 8ve

Allegro

*f*

Fare-well, good wiz - ard! Next time you vis-it us Don't dis - ap-point us,

new?

Allegro

*f*

*f*

Come a - gain And en - ter - tain us,

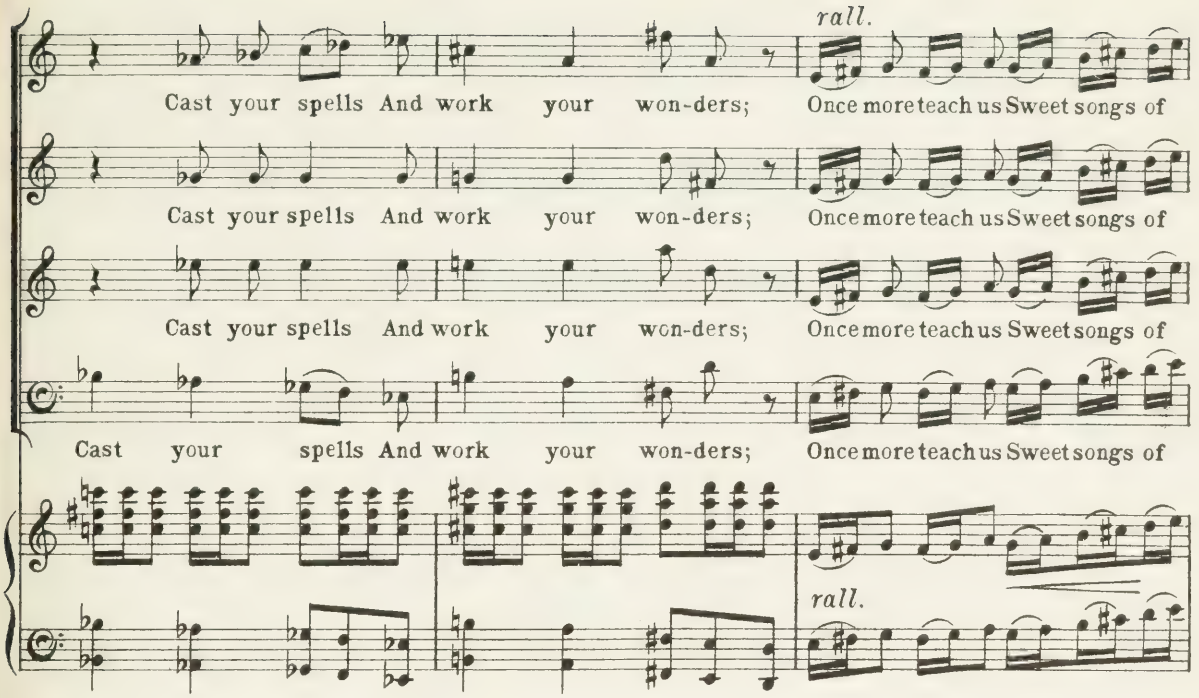
*f*

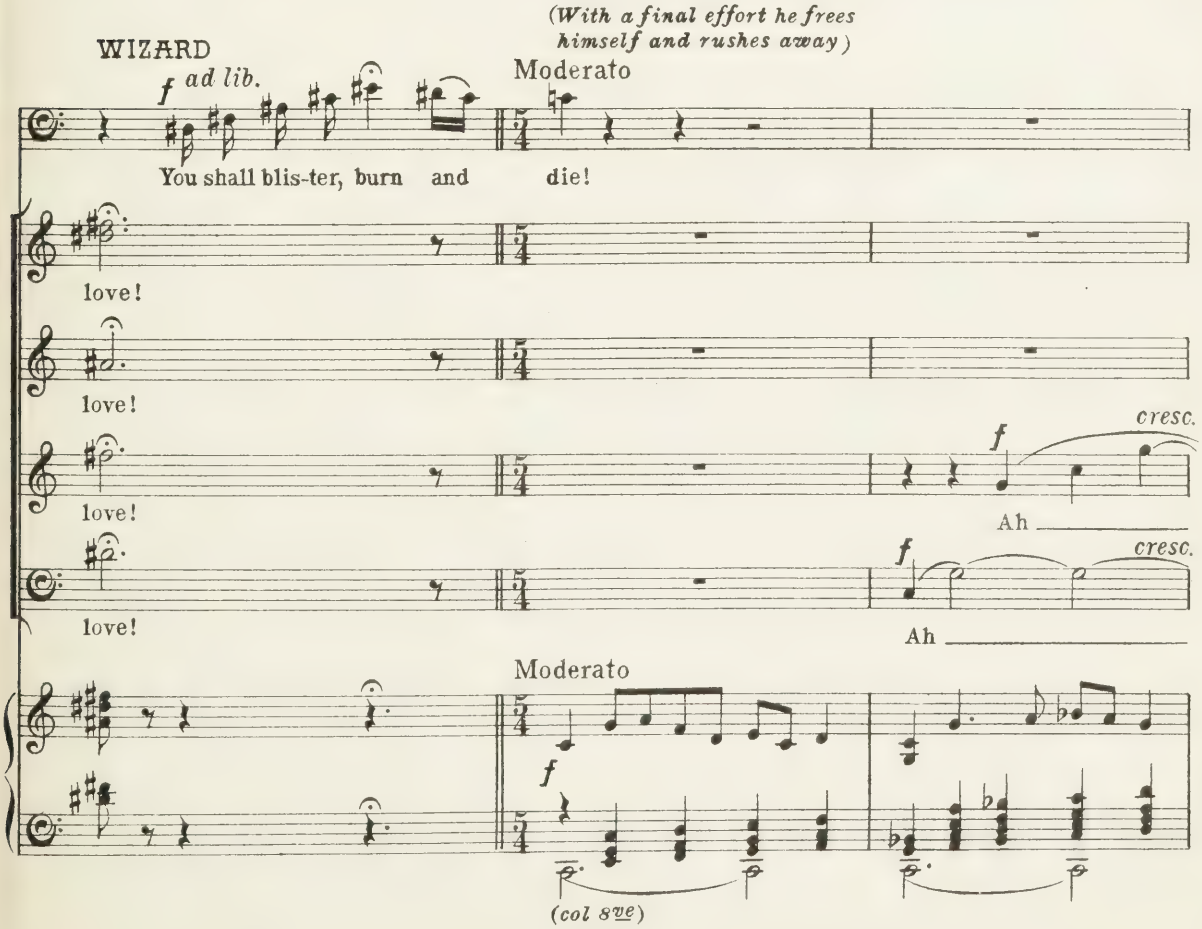
Come a-gain And en - ter - tain us,

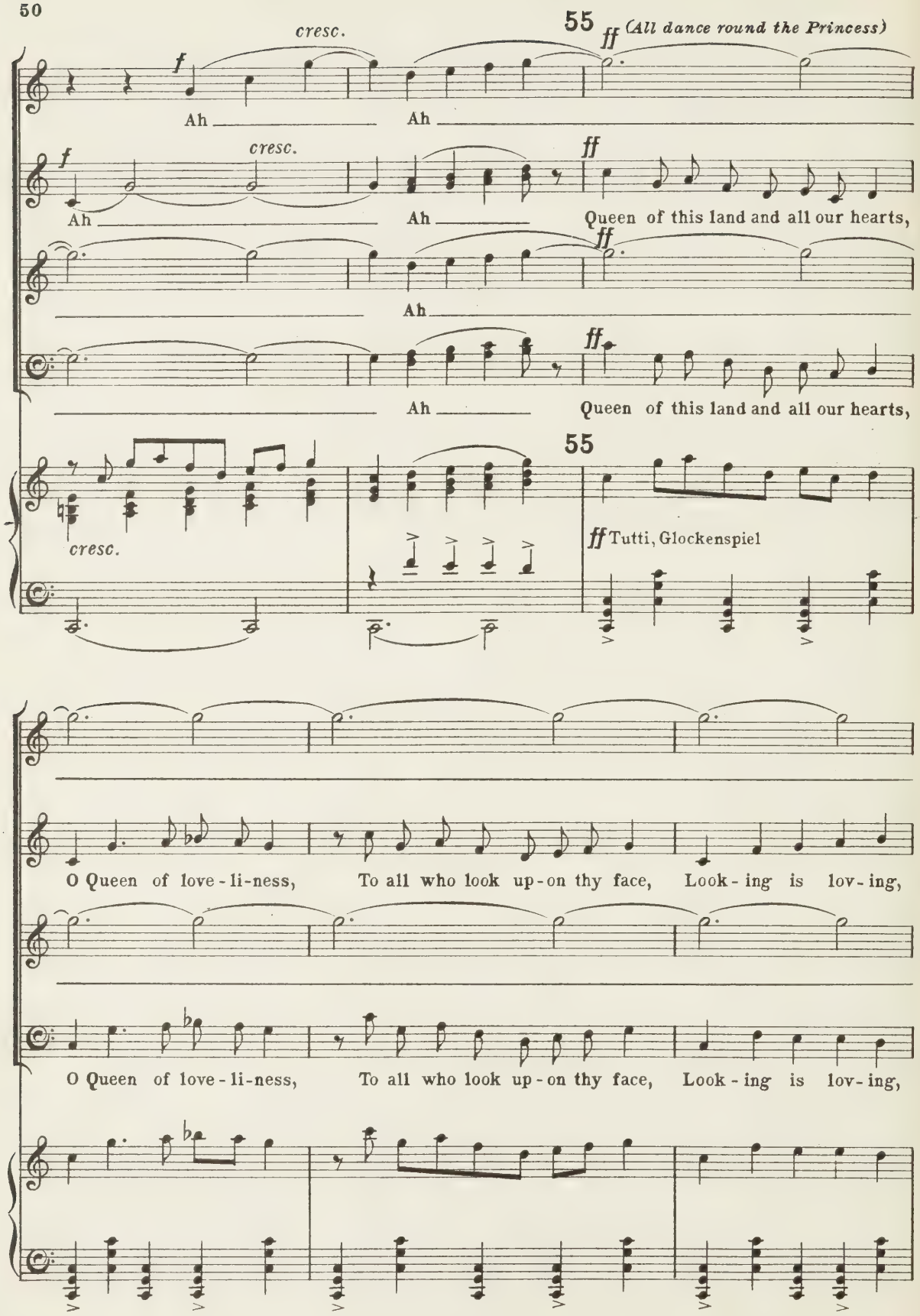
But let us feel your power. Come a-gain And en - ter - tain us,

*f*

Come a - gain And en - ter - tain us,


rall.
Cast your spells And work your won-ders; Once more teach us Sweet songs of
Cast your spells And work your won-ders; Once more teach us Sweet songs of
Cast your spells And work your won-ders; Once more teach us Sweet songs of
Cast your spells And work your won-ders; Once more teach us Sweet songs of
rall.


(With a final effort he frees himself and rushes away)
WIZARD
f ad lib.
Moderato
You shall blis-ter, burn and die!
love!
love!
love!
f
cresc.
Ah
love!
f
cresc.
Ah
Moderato
f
(col 8ve)


cresc.
55
ff (All dance round the Princess)
f
Ah
Ah
f
cresc.
ff
Ah
Ah
Queen of this land and all our hearts,
ff
Ah
ff
Ah
Queen of this land and all our hearts,
55
cresc.
ff Tutti, Glockenspiel
O Queen of love-li-ness, To all who look up-on thy face, Look-ing is lov-ing,
O Queen of love-li-ness, To all who look up-on thy face, Look-ing is lov-ing,

Queen of this land and all our hearts, O Queen of love-li-ness, To all who look up-on thy face,

Queen of this land and all our hearts, O Queen of love-li-ness, To all who look up-on thy face,

Queen of this land and all our hearts, O Queen of love-li-ness, To all who look up-on thy face,

Queen of this land and all our hearts, O Queen of love-li-ness, To all who look up-on thy face,

*sempre ff*

*(Some catch sight of the Troubadour, who has entered at the back, apparently singing. They stop and 'sh' loudly to the others.)*

*dim.*

Look-ing is lov-ing, To all who look up-on thy face, Look-ing is lov-

*dim.*

Look-ing is lov-ing, To all who look up-on thy face, Look-ing is lov-

*dim.*

Look-ing is lov-ing, look-ing is lov-ing, To all who look up-on thy-

*dim.*

Look-ing is lov-ing, look-ing is lov-ing, To all who look up-on thy-

*dim.*

THE TROUBADOUR *comes forward through the crowd, followed by a small group of Retainers, who, having reached their positions, remain 'at attention'.*

*mf*

La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

Soprano

- ing -

Alto

- ing -

*p* Str.

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

Recit.

Greet-ing to thee, La-dy! A Trou-ba-dour am I: I come to woo thee.

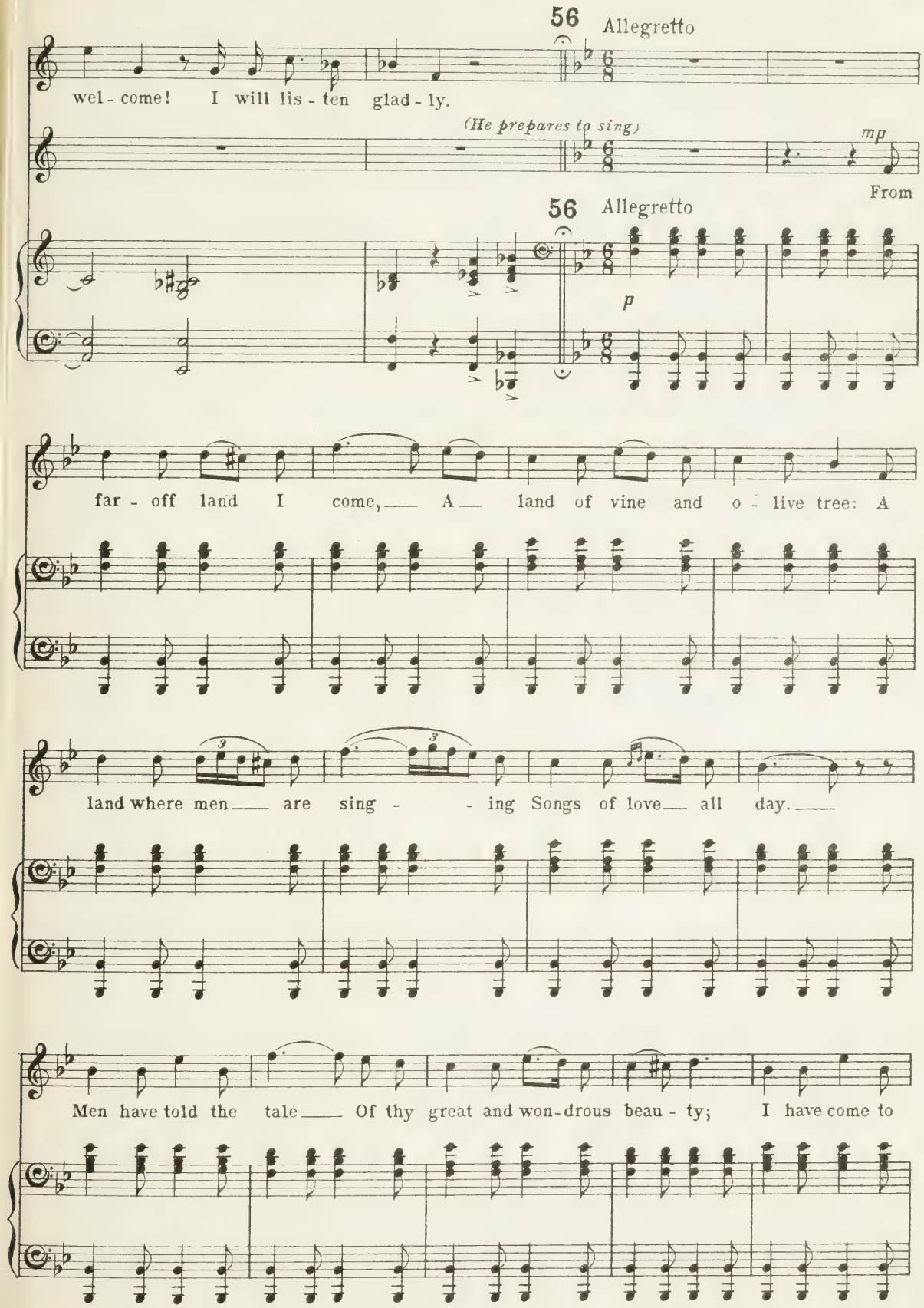
*colla voce*

PRINCESS

Sir Trou-ba-dour,

I love thee! Wilt thou lis-ten to my song?

*fp*


56 Allegretto
wel - come! I will lis - ten glad - ly.
(He prepares to sing)
mp
From
56 Allegretto
p
far - off land I come, A land of vine and o - live tree: A
land where men are sing - - ing Songs of love all day.
Men have told the tale Of thy great and won-drous beau - ty; I have come to

woo ___ thee, To claim thee as _____ my bride. ___

*f*

Sopr. *(a few)* *(Some of the others applaud and cry 'Bravo'. The remainder try to 'sh' them.)*

*f*

La la la la la ___ la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

Tenor *(a few)*

*f*

La la la la la ___ la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

TROUBADOUR

*mp*

Of all my coun - try's

la ___ la la la la la la la la ___

Sopr. Alto Tutti Tenor Bass

*ff*

sh!

*ff*

sh!

*p*

sing - - ers, Men say that I am the great - est; My voice is mel - low and

*ad lib.* *rit.* *a tempo*

free, It can wan - der high and low.

*a tempo*

PRINCESS

*ad lib.*

La

*(He tries to sharpen the last note)*

La la la la la la la la la

*f* *pp*

57 Animato

*f*

La la la la la la la

57 Animato

*f* *p*

Ah

Ah

*dolce* *p* *ad lib.*

*falsetto* *pp* *falsetto* *pp* *falsetto* *pp*

*f* Ah _____ *f* *f* Ah _____ Good

*pp*

PRINCESS

Animato

Sir, I bid you fare - well! ___ Go ___ home and learn to sing bet - ter; Your

Animato

*p*

*(curtseying him off)*

voice will ne - ver win me, ___ Fare - well, _____ Fare - well, _____ Fare-

*(lunga)*

58 THE TRAVELLER *appears. He comes forward slowly, with an air of mystery.*

- well, ___ Fare - - - Oh!

Andante maestoso

*f* Brass

*(The Troubadour and his Retainers stop, and gaze at him curiously.)*

Str.

*p*

*p*

TRAVELLER
*molto pesante*
*sempre ff*

Hail ___ thee, High-born! Ho - li-est hap-pi-ness, Whole-som-est health

Str.
*f* W.-W., Corni. Brass

59 Moderato

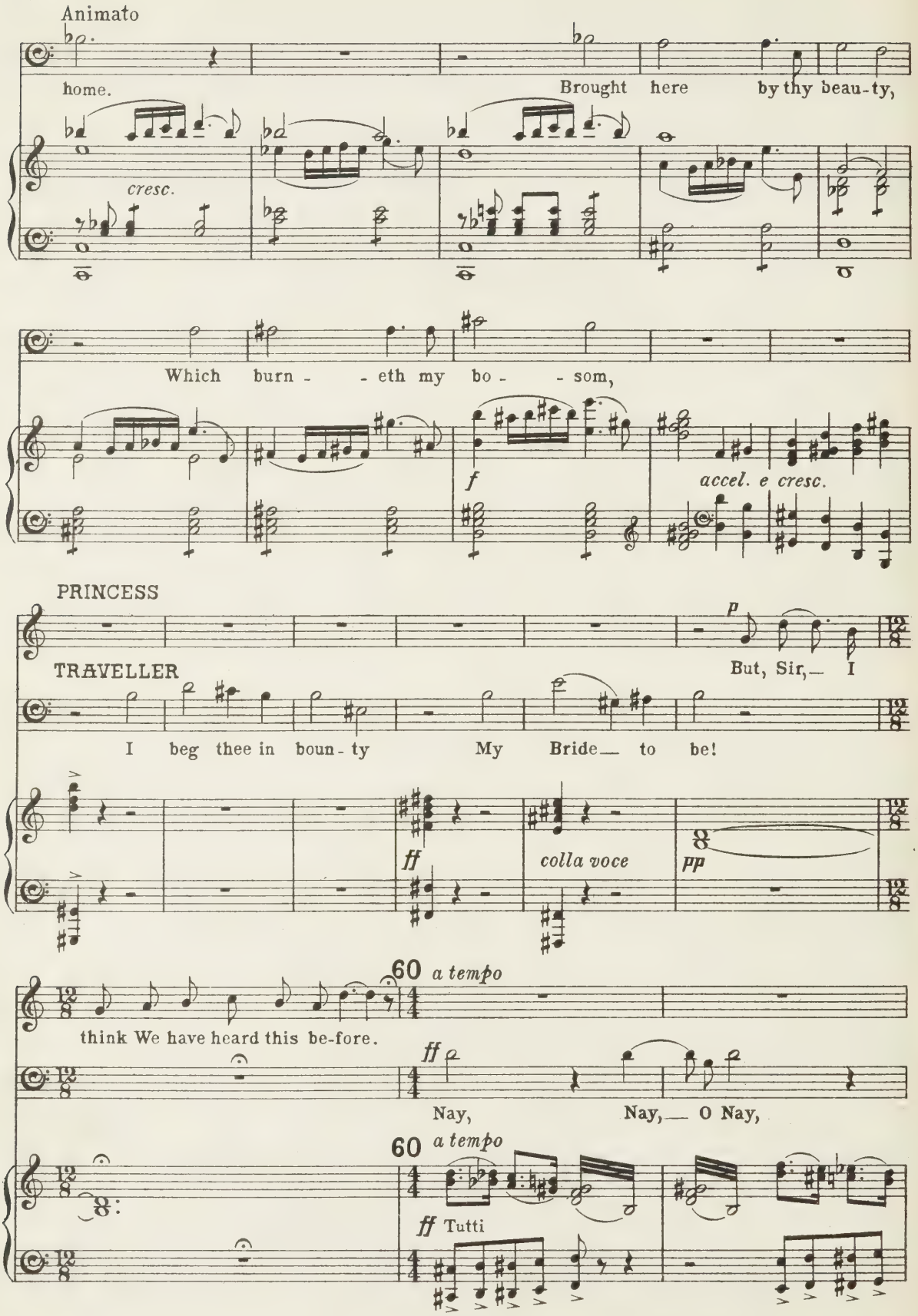
Dwell with thee dai-ly!

Moderato
Cl.- B.

*p*

Thy high - flaunt-ed fame hath been flung To my far - - off

W.-W., Corni, Str.


Animato
home.
Brought here by thy beau-ty,
cresc.
Which burn - - eth my bo - - som,
f
accel. e cresc.
PRINCESS
TRAVELLER
But, Sir,— I
I beg thee in boun-ty My Bride— to be!
ff
colla voce
pp
60 a tempo
think We have heard this be-fore.
ff
Nay, Nay,— O Nay,
60 a tempo
ff Tutti

Nois - i - estne - ga - tive! High - - est har - rowing, Fright - fulness

fran - tic! World's wild - est

woe Wan - ton - ly woos me. Dir - est dreadfulness,

Darkest of dooms!

*(In his excitement he stumbles over The Fool)*

*(The rest is drowned by the orchestra)*

*(The Fool wakes and looks straight ahead. The first person he sees is the Princess. The spell works)*

*(Meanwhile the Traveller recovers himself and angrily threatens The Fool, who takes no notice. The Troubadour pacifies the Traveller. Suddenly they see the Princess gazing spellbound in their direction. They wait to see which is the lucky one.)*

*fff*

61 PRINCESS

Allegretto

*(The Princess comes forward slowly, as if in a trance. She passes by the Traveller*

*ppp una corda*

*and the Troubadour and goes straight to The Fool. Everyone gazes at her motionless.)*

*rit.*

*pp Lento*

Now the door is o - pened,

Str.

*rit.*

*pp*

*Lento*

Now my life be-gins, Now the earth is lost to me, Now love comes to birth.

Vl.

*ppp*

Come, O heart's de - sir - ing! Come, my soul's de-light! I have wait - ed for you And you

PRINCESS

Allegro

knew it not.

TROUBADOUR *sotto voce pp*

She's fall-en in love with a beg-gar!

Soprano

*sotto voce pp*

She's fall - en in love with a

Alto

*sotto voce pp*

She's fall - en in love with a

Tenor

*sotto voce pp*

She's fall - en in love with a

Bass

*sotto voce pp*

She's fall - en in love with a

Allegro

Andante

Allegro

MOTHER

*f* *(shaking him)*

Wa - ken! Wa - ken!

*(The Fool yawns)*

beg - gar!

beg - gar!

beg - gar!

beg - gar!

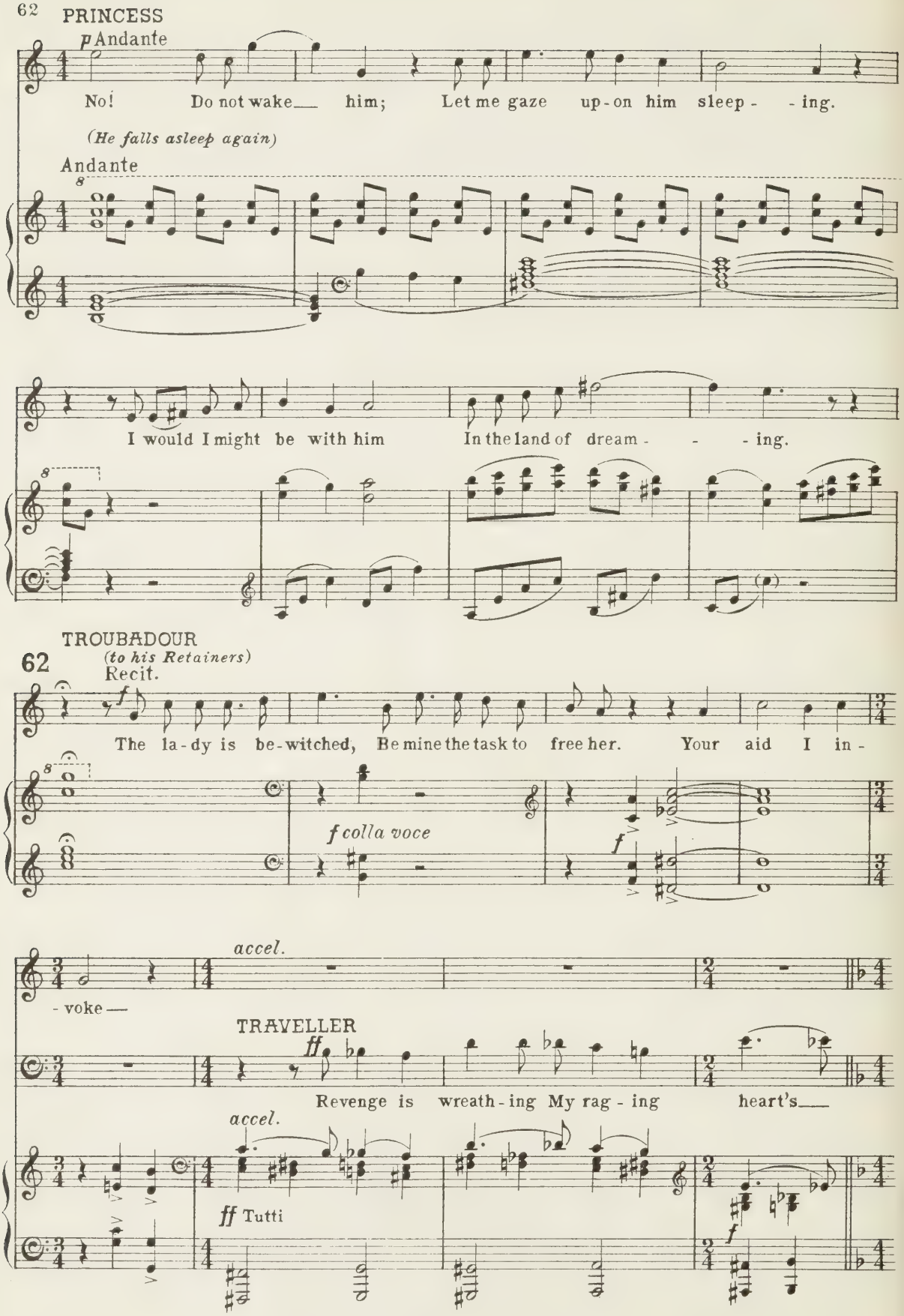
Andante

Fl.

*p*

Allegro

*f*


PRINCESS
p Andante
No! Do not wake— him; Let me gaze up-on him sleep- -ing.
(He falls asleep again)
Andante
I would I might be with him In the land of dream- - -ing.
TROUBADOUR
(to his Retainers)
Recit.
The la-dy is be-witched, Be mine the task to free her. Your aid I in-
f colla voce
accel.
-voke—
TRAVELLER
ff
Revenge is wreath-ing My rag-ing heart's—
accel.
ff Tutti

Moderato

TROUBADOUR *(interrupting the Traveller)*

*mf*

She shall be mine She shall be mine She shall be mine

RETAINERS *(becoming conventionally agitated)*

*mf*

She shall be thine She shall be thine She shall be

Moderato

Str.

*p staccato*

She shall be mine She shall be mine She shall be mine

thine She shall be thine She shall be thine She shall be

She shall be mine She shall be mine She shall be mine

thine She shall be thine She shall be thine She shall be

She shall be mine She shall be mine She shall be mine

thine She shall be thine She shall be thine She shall be

TROUBADOUR

63

She shall be mine She shall be mine

TRAVELLER

(interrupting them)

ff

Vault - - ing

RETAINERS

thine She shall be thine She shall be

63

Tutti

ff

TRAVELLER

ven - geance My bo - som burn - eth; Vil - est

(Meanwhile some of the Chorus at the back have been looking into the distance. They beckon to the others to join them.)

TROUBADOUR

mf

TRAVELLER

Yes, yes, she shall be

vil - - lain - y Vaun - - - - teth—

RETAINERS

(pushing the Traveller aside)

mf

She shall be thine, she shall be thine, she shall be thine, she shall be

p Str. Fl.

mine, Yes, yes she shall be mine,

*cresc.*

thine, she shall be thine, she shall be thine, she shall be thine, she shall be thine, she shall be thine, she shall be

*ff*

Mine!

*(pushing forward)* *ff*

Ven - - geance!

thine, she shall be thine, she shall be thine, she shall be thine, she shall be thine, she shall be thine, she shall be

*cresc. poco a poco*

*ff* Tutti

(√)

Ven - - - geance!

thine, she shall be thine, she shall be thine, she shall be thine, she shall be

*ff* Tutti

Ven -

thine, she shall be thine, she shall be thine, she shall be thine, she shall be thine, she shall be thine, she shall be thine, she shall be

*(The rest is drowned by the orchestra)*

*fff* Tutti

64

*(The Chorus rush forward from the back, driving away the Traveller, Troubadour and Retainers. They bring with them a Peasant who is obviously exhausted with running.)*

- - geance!

Tr.

(Side Drum roll)

*dim.*

PRINCESS

*p ad lib. dolce*

All things have end-ed for me, I am at peace.

PEASANT

Princess, Lady, I bring you a tale of terror, a tale of horror, of death, of the ending of all things.

But my tale will end your peace — it is a tale of War — the Enemy comes.

*pp* Str.

PRINCESS

No foe can hurt me, I am be-yond earth - ly power.

PEASANT

This is no earthly power-
it is the power of Hell.

PRINCESS

Hell can-not reach me; I am be-yond the power of e - vil ones, I am safe from

Largo

all. I ____ am at peace.

Moderato

PEASANT

But you must hear me!

I am a shepherd. Until an hour ago I was lying on

Moderato

Largo

Corni

*pp* *una corda*

the hillside guarding my flocks. Yet not guarding — why should I guard when there was no danger? My sheep knew my voice and would not stray.

Vla.

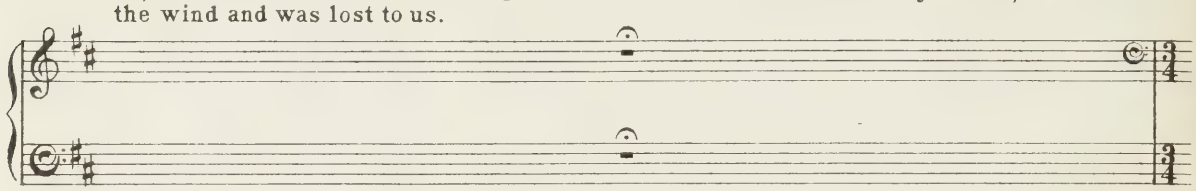
Vl.

Fl.

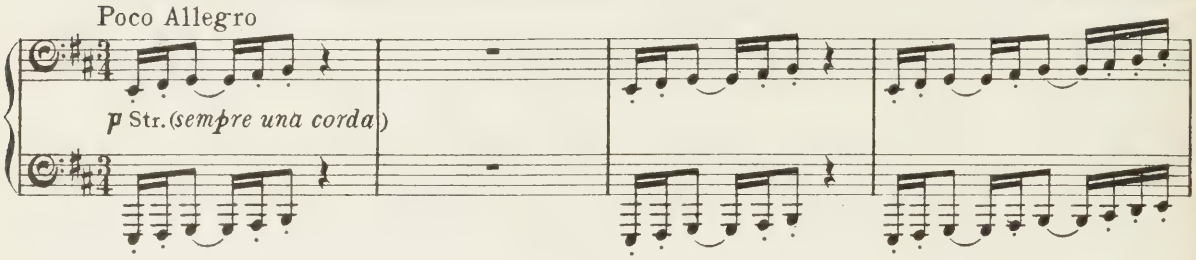
There was no wild beast near, no robber — there was nothing evil. So, like yonder poor lady, I lay down and dreamed I was at peace.

*ppp*

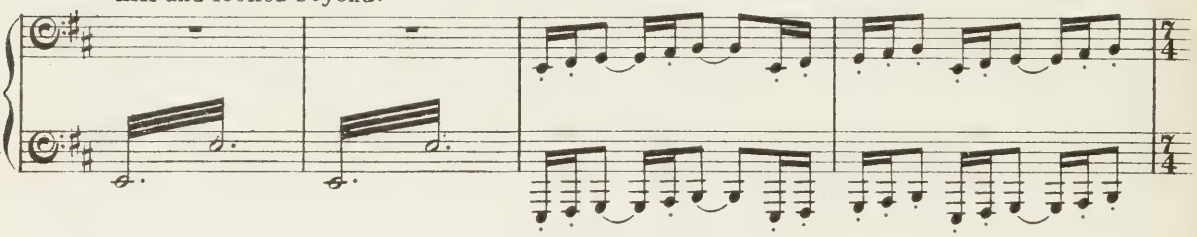
My dog awoke me. He gave a short bark, then sniffed the air and barked again. I bade him be still and once more I lay down to sleep. But he barked again and this time it was a cry of anger. I looked up and on the crest of the hill above there was a wolf. He rushed towards us; but before I could rise he had passed. He never looked round at my flocks, but flew like the wind and was lost to us.



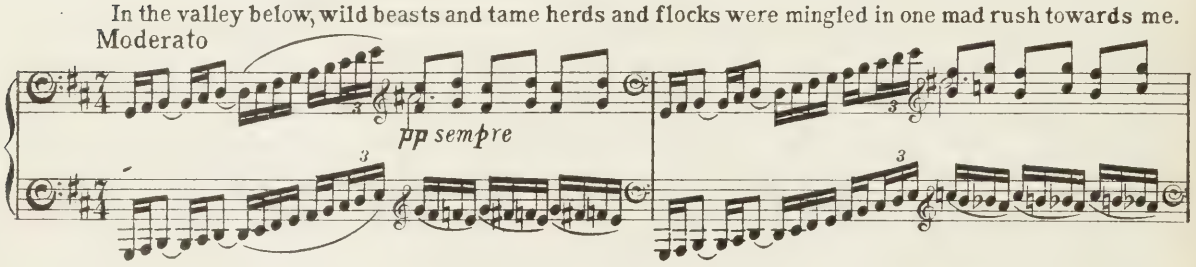
Then a wild bull appeared. He also rushed by in terror, and as he passed I saw that his head was



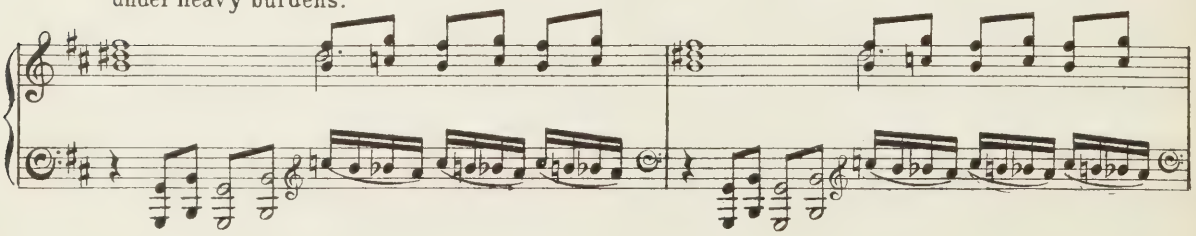

scorched and his eyes burnt out. He stumbled in his blindness, rose and fell again. I climbed the hill and looked beyond:



In the valley below, wild beasts and tame herds and flocks were mingled in one mad rush towards me.




Behind them men and women were flying, dragging carts and barrows with them, and staggering under heavy burdens.



I looked further, and all the crests of the distant hills were Fire!

65

Trb.

Tuba

*tre corde*

*ff*

'A forest fire' I said to myself, and gazed in wonder; for I had

*pp*

only heard men tell of such things. Then, as I gazed, I cursed my folly—there are no forests—nothing but grass grows on those hills.

Fag.

Higher grew the flames and brighter, making the sun look pale. And within the wall of fire

Str.
*staccato*

I saw weird figures moving. Demons and djinns were dancing—indeed they seemed to

Tr. con sord.

W.-W.

bring the flames nearer. All is lost —— Our land is doomed —— Hell is here!

W.-W., Str.

*accel.*

Sopr. I

Allegro

*f*

La-dy, fly! Our land is

Sopr. II, Alto

*f*

La-dy, fly! Our

Allegro

*f accel.*

*f* Tutti without Trb.

doomed. You hear the tale, Hell is here!

land is doomed. You hear the tale, Hell is here!

PRINCESS

*pp ad lib.*

I hear; but it is naught. What mat-ters hell? The earth is lost to me,

*pp* Str.

*(ad lib.)*

I am in Heav'n, The home of peace.

Allegro

Bass *(a few)*

*pp*

Car-ry the beg-gar a-way; She will fol-low.

Allegro

MOTHER

*f*

No! let o - thers fly, He a - lone shall face the

*f* Str.

*f*

Meno mosso

dan - ger. "He has won a bride with a glance of his eye; With a

Meno mosso

*p* W.-W.

Str.

look he kills a foe!" With him we are safe And at

Vl.

PRINCESS

*ad lib.*

With him I am in Héav'n, The home of peace.

MOTHER

peace.

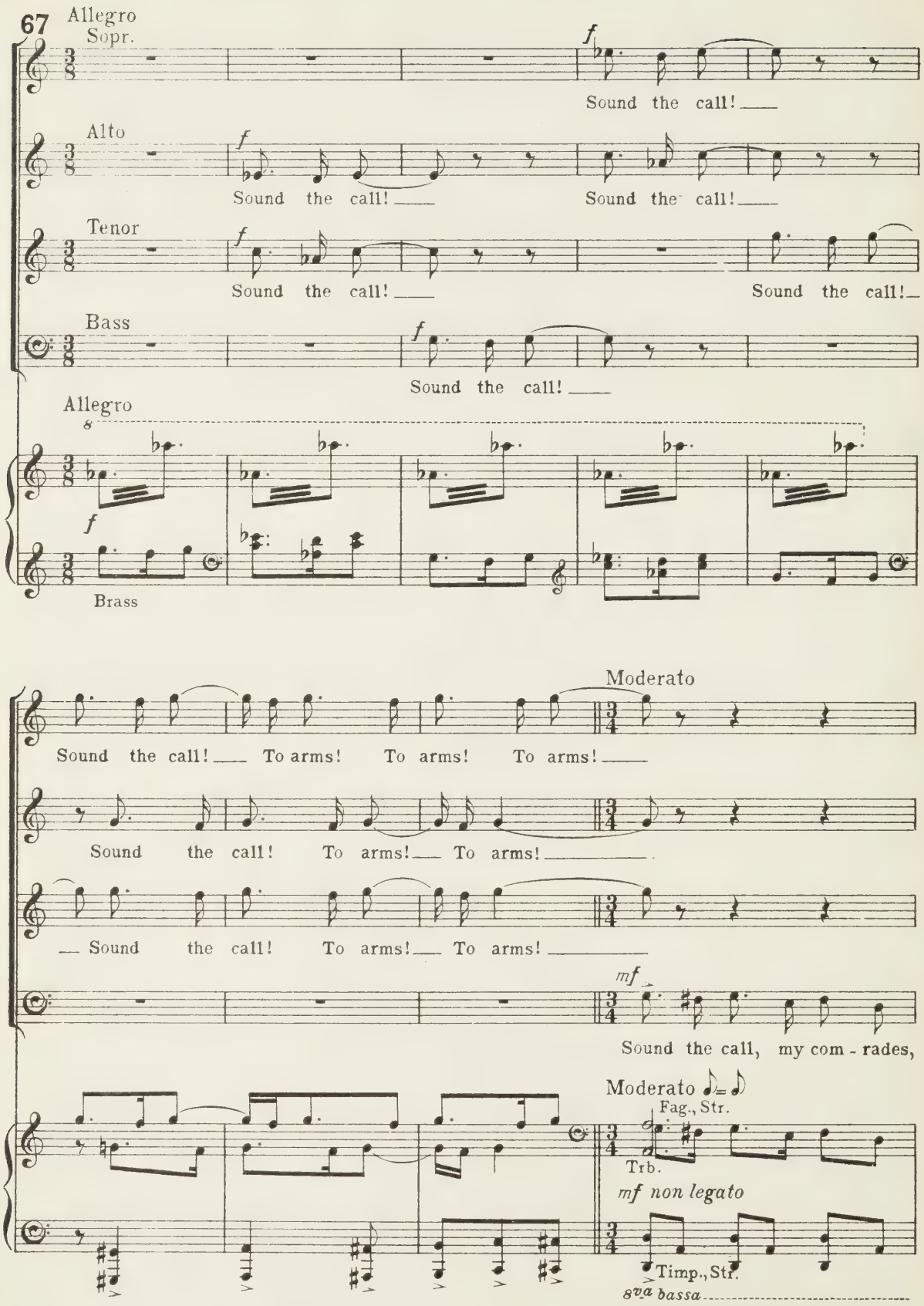
CHORUS

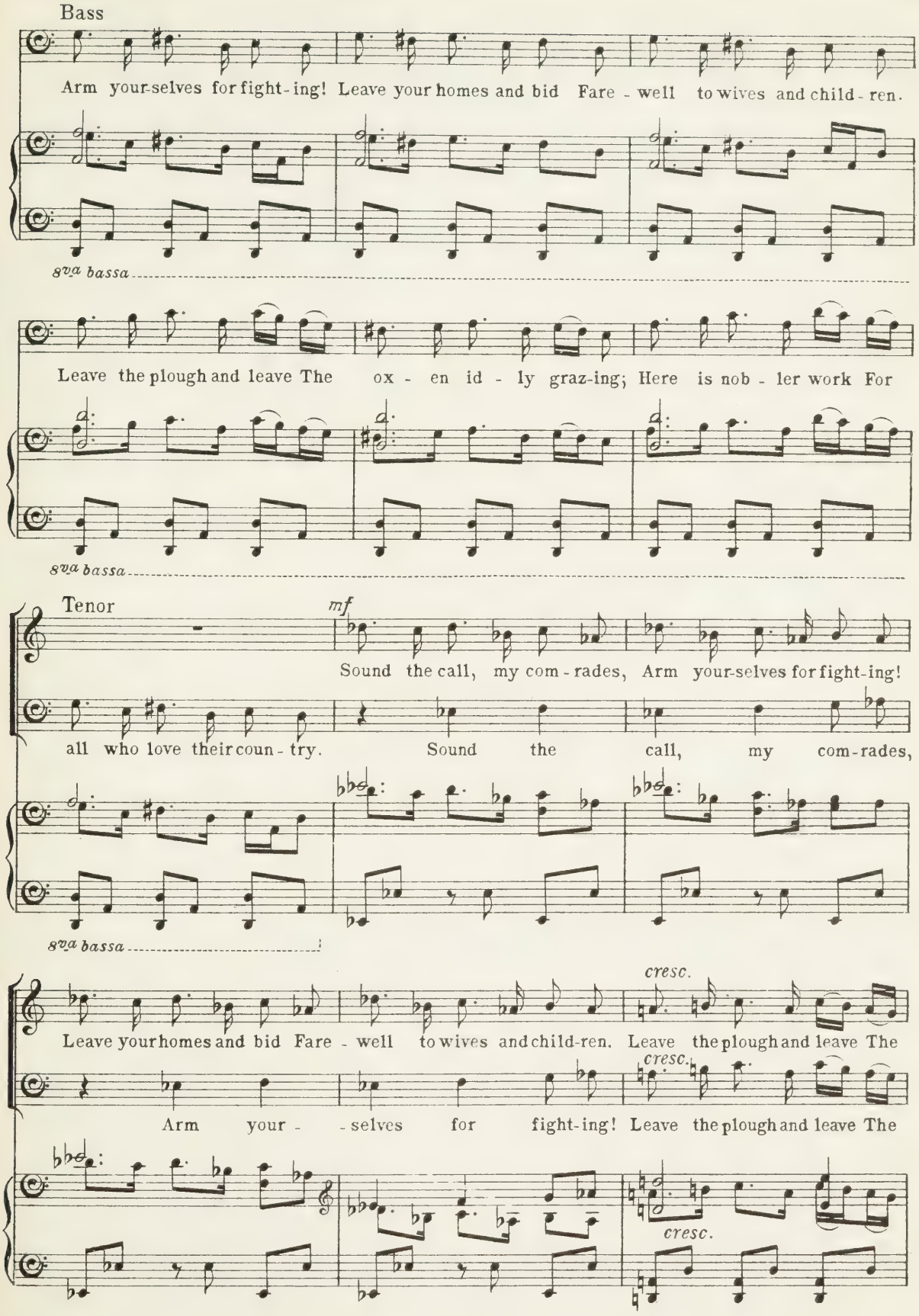
*A few*–She is bewitched....
*Others*–We must protect her..
*Others*–Arm yourselves!
*(The talking becomes general)*

*pp* W.-W.

*pp* Str.

W.-W. *cresc.*


67
Allegro
Sopr.
f
Sound the call!
Alto
f
Sound the call!
Sound the call!
Tenor
f
Sound the call!
Sound the call!
Bass
f
Sound the call!
Allegro
8
f
Brass
Moderato
Sound the call! To arms! To arms! To arms!
Sound the call! To arms! To arms!
Sound the call! To arms! To arms!
mf
Sound the call, my com - rades,
Moderato
Fag., Str.
Trb.
mf non legato
Timp., Str.
8va bassa


Bass
Arm your-selves for fight-ing! Leave your homes and bid Fare-well to wives and child-ren.
8va bassa
Leave the plough and leave The ox-en id-ly graz-ing; Here is nob-ler work For
8va bassa
Tenor
mf
Sound the call, my com-rades, Arm your-selves for fight-ing!
all who love their coun-try. Sound the call, my com-rades,
8va bassa
cresc.
Leave your homes and bid Fare-well to wives and child-ren. Leave the plough and leave The
cresc.
Arm your-selves for fight-ing! Leave the plough and leave The
cresc.

ox - en id - ly graz - ing; Here is nob - ler work For all who love their

ox - en id - ly graz - ing; Here is nob - ler work For all who love their

Sopr.

Alto

Tenor

coun - try.

Bass

coun - try.

68 *(threatening The Fool)*

*ff* There's the cause of all our trou - ble

*ff* There's the cause of all our trou - ble

*ff* There's the cause of all our trou - ble

*ff* There's the cause of all our trou - ble

*(Soldiers march across)*

*(Repeat this bar ad lib. until the sound is lost in the distance)*

*(Trumpets on stage)*

*(Drums on stage)*

*ff*

68 ♩ = ♩

*ff* Tutti without Trb.

Id - ly sleep - ing there; He's be - witched our La - dy, He's the chief of all our foes.

Id - ly sleep - ing there; He's be - witched our La - dy, He's the chief of all our foes.

Id - ly sleep - ing there; He's be - witched our La - dy, He's the chief of all our foes.

Id - ly sleep - ing there; He's be - witched our La - dy, He's the chief of all our foes.

PRINCESS

*f*

Back! Back, you cow - ards!

We will rid the land of trai - tors —

We will rid the land of trai - tors —

We will rid the land of trai - tors —

We will rid the land of trai - tors —

Str.

MOTHER

*f*

Would you kill a sleep - ing boy? Back, you fools! Would you kill the

W.-W., Arpa

*f*

one who can save you? When the time comes, You shall know his

*mf*

*mf*

69

*(Refugees from the burning country cross the back of the stage in great confusion.)*

power.

*ff*

Tutti

*(The First Sopranos have gone to the back to help the refugees. They remain there after the latter have disappeared, and watch the distant fire.)*

*p* Sopr. II

Near-er, near-er comes the dan-ger, Near-er comes the foe, Near-er to our hearts the

*p* Alto

Near-er, near-er comes the dan-ger, Near-er comes the foe, Near-er to our hearts the

*p* W.-W., Arpa, Str. pizz.

ter-ror Clings and wraps us round. Cour-age then, my sis-ters! We must al-so do our share.

ter-ror Clings and wraps us round. Cour-age then, my sis-ters! We must al-so do our share.

*cresc.* *(The Basses push forward, interrupting*

We'll in-spire our her-oes, We will urge them on to—

*cresc.*

We'll in-spire our her-oes, We will urge them on to—

Bass

*f*

Loud-er then, my com-rades,

*f*

*the women, who gradually join the First Sopranos at the back.)*

Sound the call for bat-tle! Hearts are filled with cour-age, All our weap-

W.-W.

-ons rea-dy. Like an ov- -er-whelm-ing Flood the foe ap-proach-es;

Tenor

70 *ff*

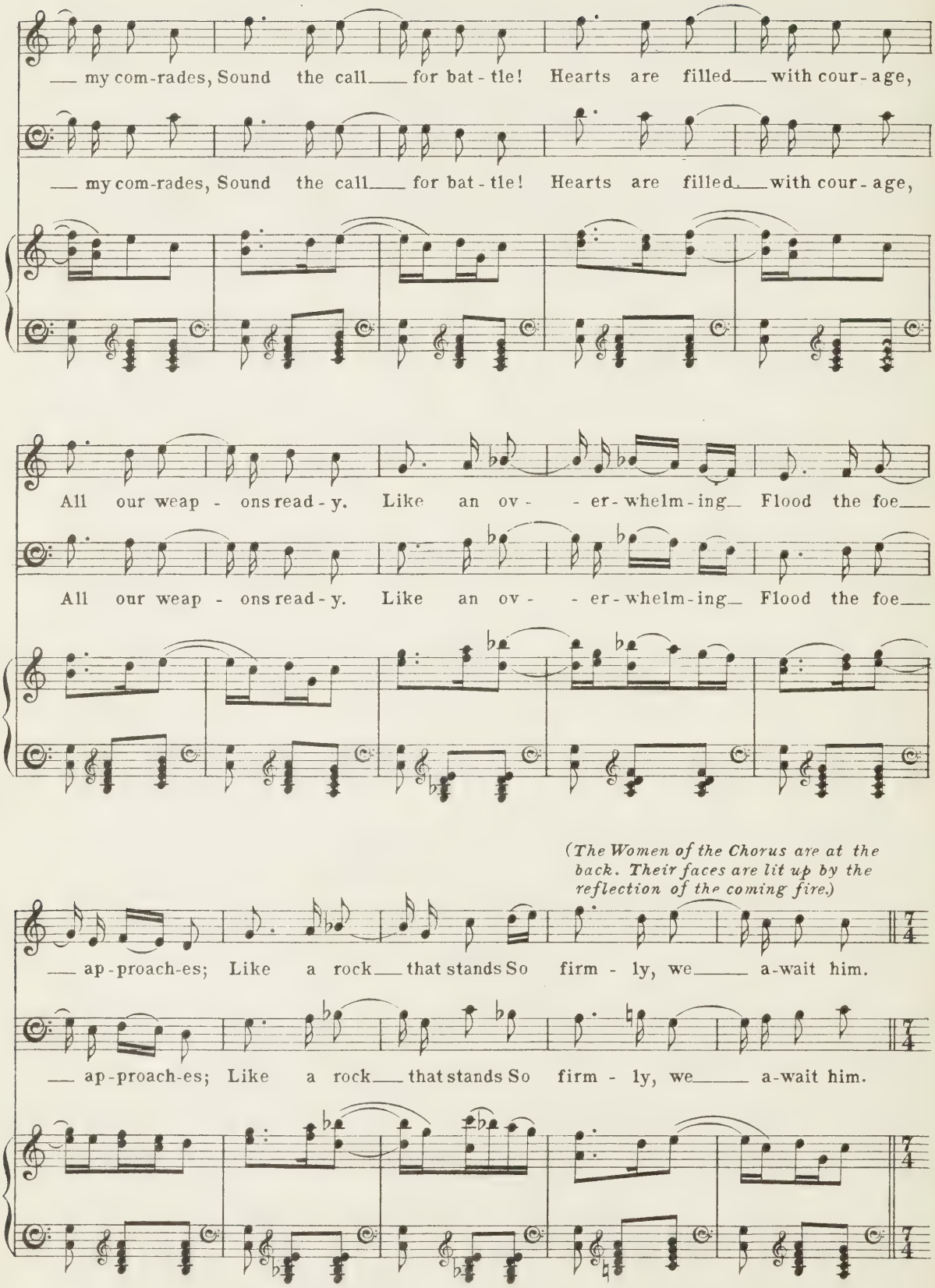
Loud-er then,

Bass

*ff*

Like a rock that stands So firm-ly, we a-wait him. Loud-er then,

*ff* Tutti without Trb.


my com-rades, Sound the call for bat-tle! Hearts are filled with cour-age,
my com-rades, Sound the call for bat-tle! Hearts are filled with cour-age,
All our weap-ons read-y. Like an ov-er-whelm-ing Flood the foe
All our weap-ons read-y. Like an ov-er-whelm-ing Flood the foe
(The Women of the Chorus are at the back. Their faces are lit up by the reflection of the coming fire.)
ap-proach-es; Like a rock that stands So firm-ly, we a-wait him.
ap-proach-es; Like a rock that stands So firm-ly, we a-wait him.

Soprano

*ff*

Walls of flame descend the hill, Waves of fire sweep the plain.

Alto

*ff*

Walls of flame descend the hill, Waves of fire sweep the plain.

*ff* Tutti

Near - er they come! Naught can stay them: They are led by the

Near - er they come! Naught can stay them: They are led by the

*(More refugees cross at the back. The Chorus help them and the greatest confusion reigns.)*

powers of Hell!

powers of Hell!

*ff*

*dim.*

*p*

71 PRINCESS

Meno mosso

*p*

While we fret and strug - gle, While we

Bass *(The men get into line)*

*p*

Meno mosso

Has - ten then, my comrades, Sound the call for bat - tle!

W.-W. (Vl. I. with voice)

*p*

Fag.

toil and strive, Great Ones,

Tenor

*p*

Has - ten then, my com-rades,

Bass

Hearts are filled with cour - age, All our weap-ons read - y.

Vla.

*mf*

clothed in wis - - dom, Watch from

Sound the call for bat - tle! Hearts are filled with cour - age. Like an ov - er-whelm-ing

*p*

Like an ov - er-whelm-ing

thrones of peace.

Flood the foe ap-proaches; Like a rock that stands So— firm - ly, we— a-wait him—

Flood the foe ap-proaches; Like a rock that stands So— firm - ly, we— a-wait him—

*(At the back, the women are still watching the approaching fire. The reflection of the flames on their faces grows brighter.)*

Soprano *f*

Walls of flame descend the hill,— Waves of fire sweep the plain,—

Alto *f*

Walls of flame descend the hill,— Waves of fire sweep the plain,—

*f* Tutti

*ff* Tenor *(Soldiers, trumpeters and drummers enter hurriedly from all sides, and the women come forward)*

Shout the fin-al call to bat-tle! Comrades, close the ranks! We will march together, sing - ing,—

*ff* Bass

Shout the fin-al call to bat-tle! Comrades, close the ranks! We will march together, sing - ing,—

Tr.

*ff*

Soprano

*ff*

Shout the fin-al call to bat-tle! Com-rades, close the ranks! We will march to-geth-er, sing-ing:

*ff* Alto

Shout the fin-al call to bat-tle! Com-rades, close the ranks! We will march to-geth-er, sing-ing:

72 *fff* *(All come forward in a body)*

For-ward then, my com-rades! March to-geth-er, sing-ing; Hearts on high and joy-ous—

*fff*

For-ward then, my com-rades! March to-geth-er, sing-ing; Hearts on high and joy-ous—

*fff*

For-ward then, my com-rades! March to-geth-er, sing-ing; Hearts on high and joy-ous—

*fff*

For-ward then, my com-rades! March to-geth-er, sing-ing; Hearts on high and joy-ous—

72 8

*fff* *(Trumpets and Drums on the Stage)*

Tutti without Trb.

Shin-ing wea-pons rea-dy. Like an ov-er-whelm-ing Flood the foe ap-proach-es;

Shin-ing wea-pons rea-dy. Like an ov-er-whelm-ing Flood the foe ap-proach-es;

Shin-ing wea-pons rea-dy. Like an ov-er-whelm-ing Flood the foe ap-proach-es;

Shin-ing wea-pons rea-dy. Like an ov-er-whelm-ing Flood the foe ap-proach-es;

8

Like a rock that stands So firm-ly, we a-

Like a rock that stands So firm-ly, we a-

*(All burst into cries of terror and fly, except the Princess, The Fool and the Mother)*

Like a rock that stands So firm-ly, we a-

Like a rock that stands So firm-ly, we a-

*(Flames spring up in every direction. Spirits of Fire dance on. The Wizard is seen behind urging them forward.)*

8

*ff*

Trb., Xylophone

*(The Mother wakens The Fool. He tries to run away, but the Princess, who has been kneeling at his feet, holds his legs.)*

Tr.

*f* R.H.

*(The Mother holds his head in such a position that he cannot avoid looking at the Wizard. The dancers*

*p*

Tr.

73 Andante

Ob., Str.

*p*

*waver to and fro.*

*Then they suddenly turn round and dance towards the Wizard.)*

*accel.*

Moderato maestoso

Brass

*f*

*ff* Tutti

*ff*

8va bassa

8va bassa

*(He vainly tries to drive them back to The Fool)*

8va bassa

*(The Wizard disappears in flames. Only his hat remains upright*

*fff* Tutti

8va bassa

*on the ground. The dancers go off and the fire dies down.)*

*dim.*

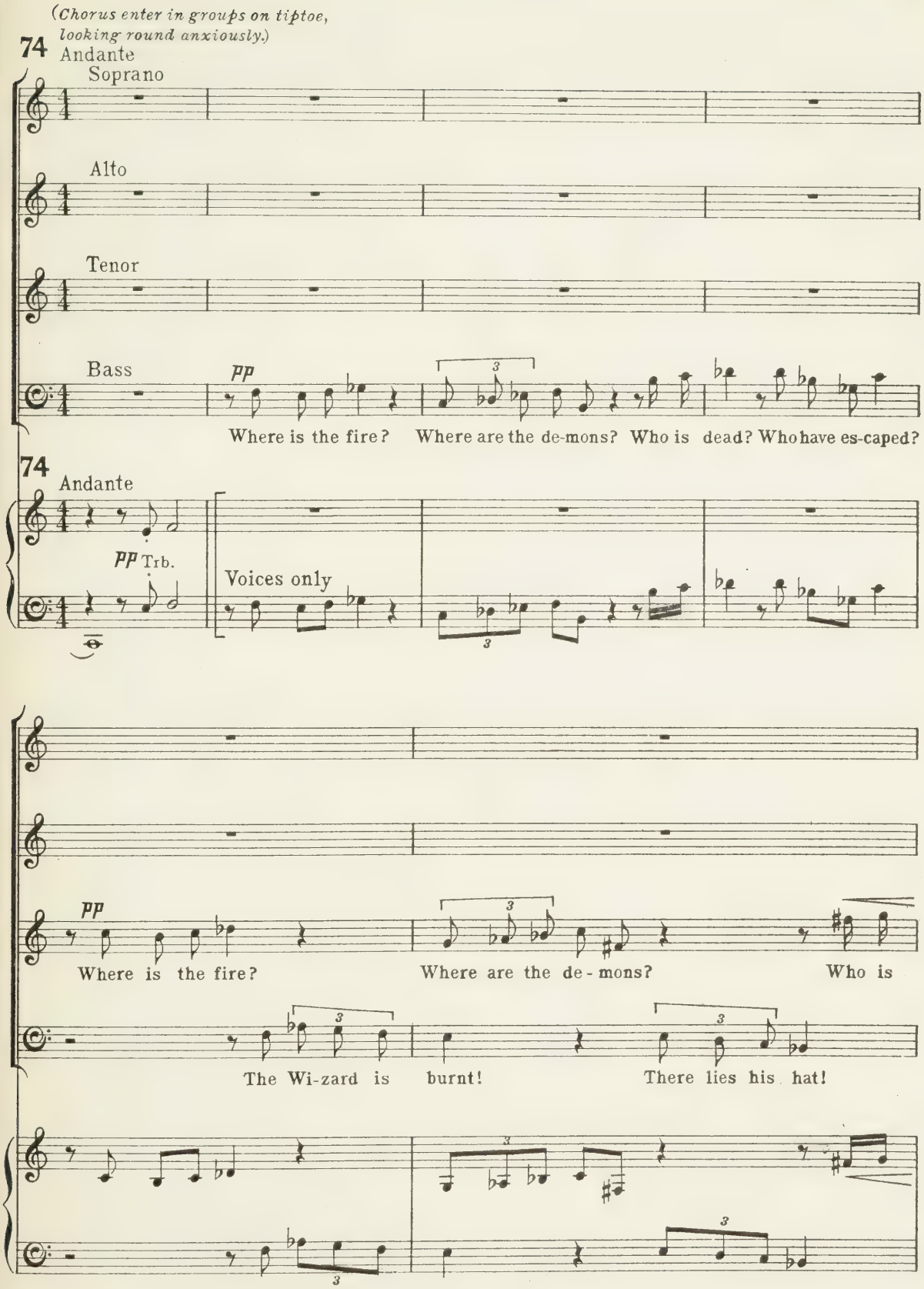
*p*

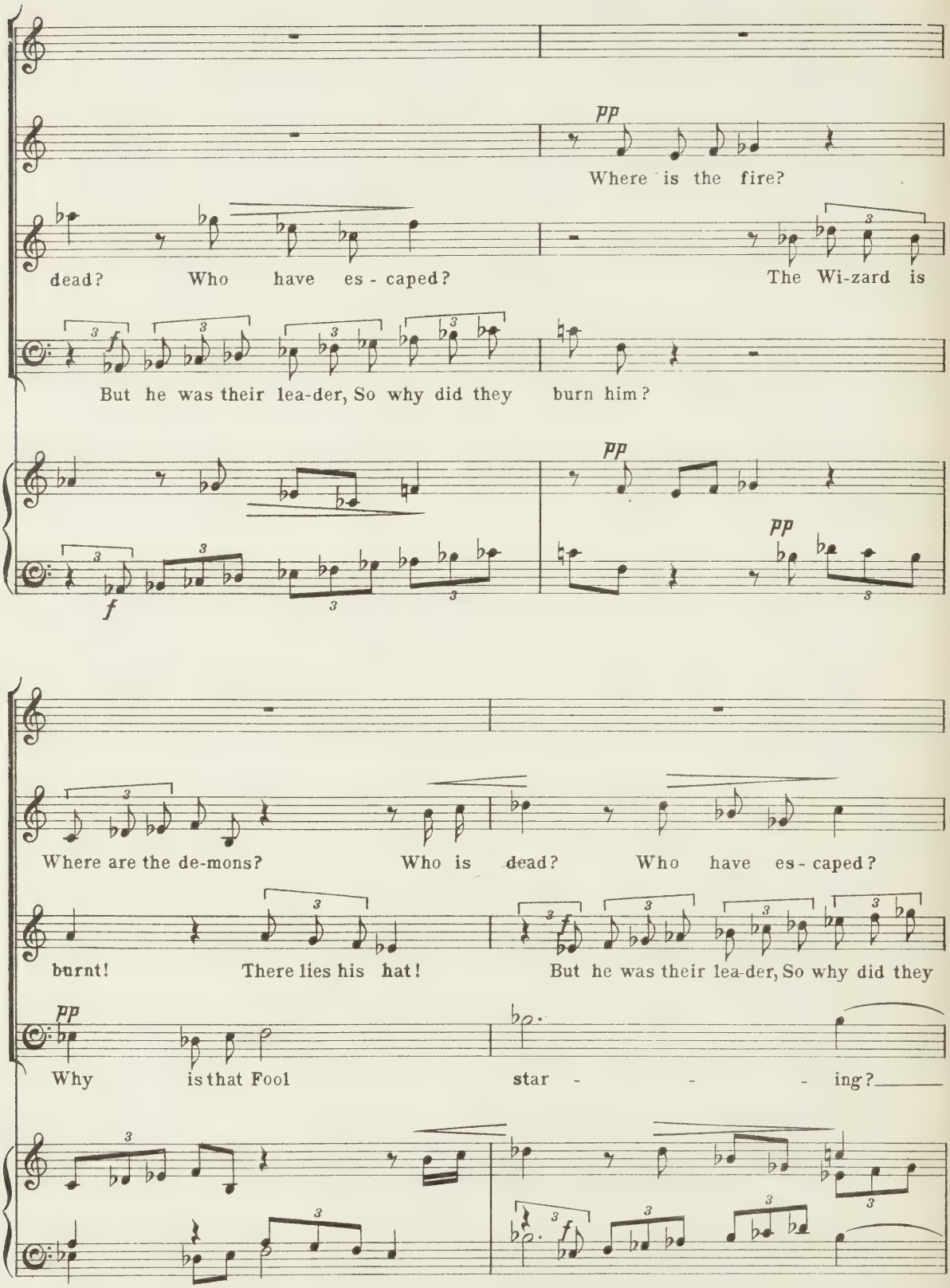
Vcl.

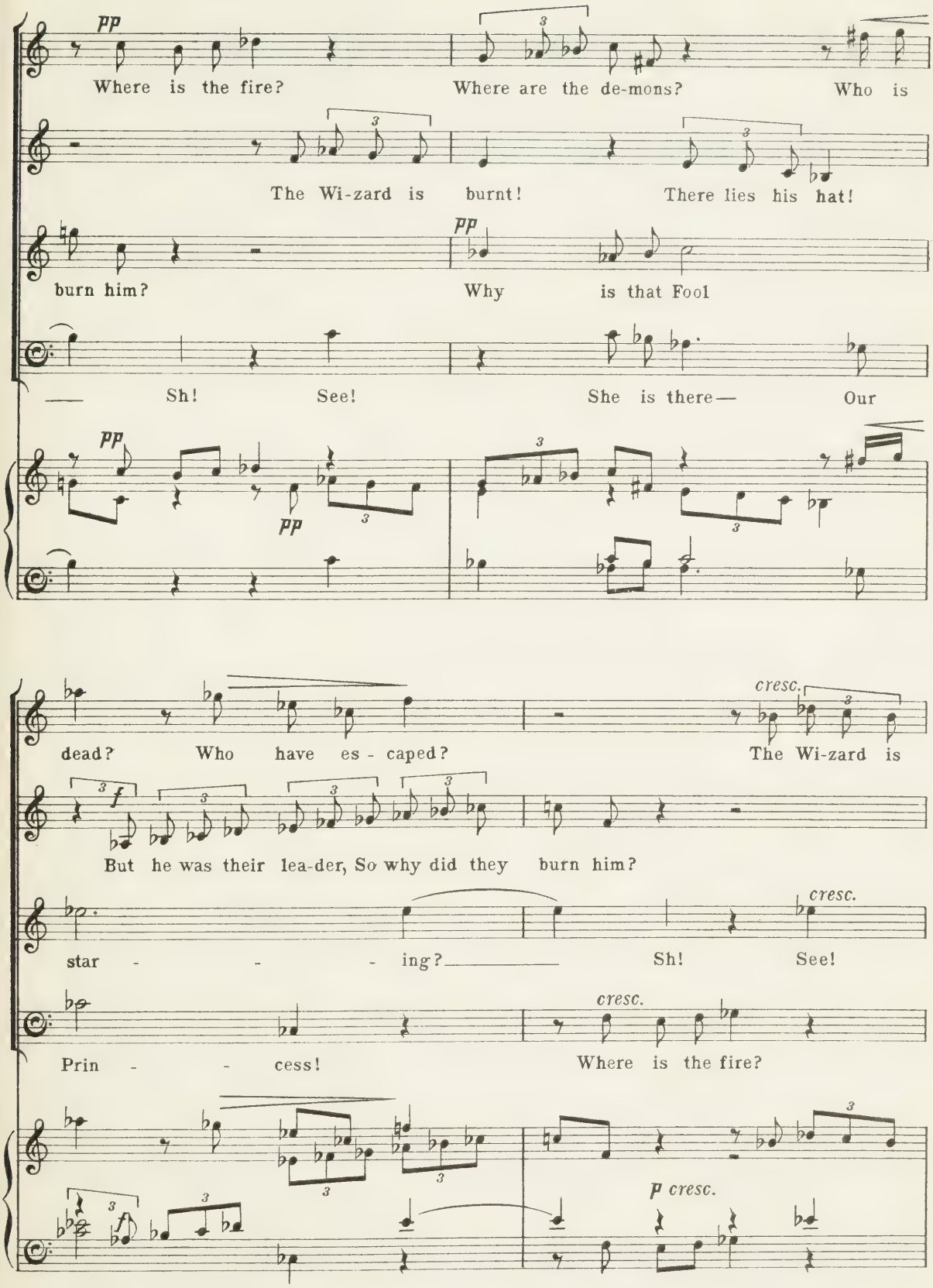
MOTHER

*ad lib.*

"He has won a bride with a glance of his eye, With a look he has killed a foe!"


(Chorus enter in groups on tiptoe, looking round anxiously.)
74
Andante
Soprano
Alto
Tenor
Bass
pp
Where is the fire? Where are the de-mons? Who is dead? Who have es-caped?
74
Andante
pp Trb.
Voices only
pp
Where is the fire?
Where are the de-mons?
Who is
The Wi-zard is burnt!
There lies his hat!


pp
Where is the fire?
dead? Who have es - caped? The Wi-zard is
f
But he was their lea-der, So why did they burn him?
pp
f
pp
Where are the de-mons? Who is dead? Who have es - caped?
burnt! There lies his hat! But he was their lea-der, So why did they
pp
Why is that Fool star - - - ing?
f


pp
Where is the fire? Where are the de-mons? Who is
The Wi-zard is burnt! There lies his hat!
pp
burn him? Why is that Fool
— Sh! See! She is there— Our
pp
pp
dead? Who have es - caped? The Wi-zard is
cresc.
f
But he was their lea-der, So why did they burn him?
star - - - ing? Sh! See!
cresc.
Prin - - cess! Where is the fire?
cresc.
f
p cresc.

burnt! There lies his hat! But he was their lea-der, So why did they

*p cresc.*

Why is that Fool star - - - ing?

She is there— Our Prin - - cess!

Where are the de-mons? Who is dead? Who have es-caped? But

75

PRINCESS (*rising slowly*)

Poco Adagio

You thought me mad, You thought me be-witched;

burn him? Sh! Sh!

Sh! Sh!

But he was their lea-der, So why—

he was their lea-der, So why did they burn—

Str.

75 Poco Adagio

Yet my words were true. Fire could not burn, Hell could not harm me. None — were

*p* W.-W.

Molto Adagio

here To pro-tect your Queen: — All were cow-ards, For all were fools,

Molto Adagio

Ob.

*(to The Fool)*
*ad lib.*

Save him, Who has brought me peace. With you, Earth is lost to me, —

*ppp* Str.

**76** Allegretto

— I am in Heav'n. Say one word, No more will I wea-ry you,

Allegretto

*pp* W.-W., Arpa

*dolce*

*(Long silence)*

Tell me that you love _____ me. All o-ther men who look up-on me

Str.

*p* Arpa

Wea - ry me with love; ___ To me they are but naught. I wait for

Ob.

you; I know your power, I know your worth. I need to

Fl.

Vl.

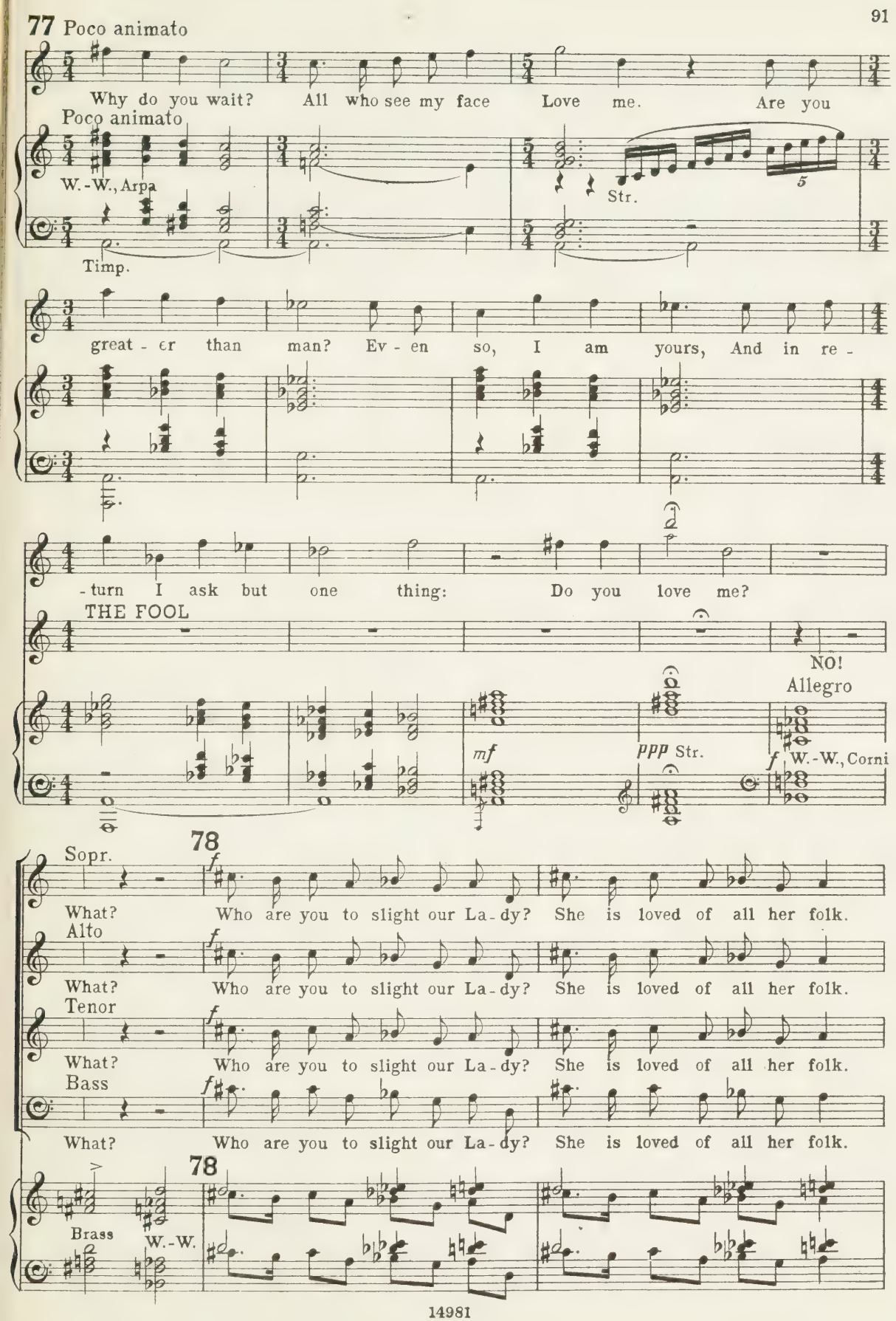
*p* Corni

Str.

*dolce*

*(Another long silence)*

know But one thing more, ___ Say that you love _____ me.


77 Poco animato
Why do you wait? All who see my face Love me. Are you
Poco animato
W.-W., Arpa
Str.
Timp.
great - er than man? Ev - en so, I am yours, And in re -
- turn I ask but one thing: Do you love me?
THE FOOL
NO!
Allegro
mf
ppp Str.
f W.-W., Corni
78
Sopr.
What? Who are you to slight our La - dy? She is loved of all her folk.
Alto
What? Who are you to slight our La - dy? She is loved of all her folk.
Tenor
What? Who are you to slight our La - dy? She is loved of all her folk.
Bass
What? Who are you to slight our La - dy? She is loved of all her folk.
78
Brass
W.-W.

We are rea - dy to a - venge her, Your last hour has come!

We are rea - dy to a - venge her, Your last hour has come!

We are rea - dy to a - venge her, Your last hour has come!

We are rea - dy to a - venge her, Your last hour has come!

Ah! Ah!

Ah! Ah!

Draw your swords! Draw your swords! Draw your swords! Draw your swords!

Draw your swords! Draw your swords! Draw your swords! Draw your swords!

*f*

THE MOTHER *suddenly stops them*

Lento

*p*

Put up your swords and lis - ten; For I have one more thing to

Lento

Trb.

*p* Arpa, Str. pizz.

say: Both the le-gends have come true. "He has a-chieved where

staccato

Corni

Fl.

(to the Princess)

o-thers failed, With one word." For he is the only man who has ever looked in your face and not loved you!

(rapture of the Princess)

pppp Str.

79

Allegretto

Sopr.

f "He has a-chieved where o-thers failed, With one word!"

Alto

f "He has a-chieved where o-thers failed, With one word!"

Tenor

f "He has a-chieved where o-thers failed, With one word!"

Bass

f "He has a-chieved where o-thers failed, With one word!"

(General rejoicing and dancing round The Fool and the Princess)

79

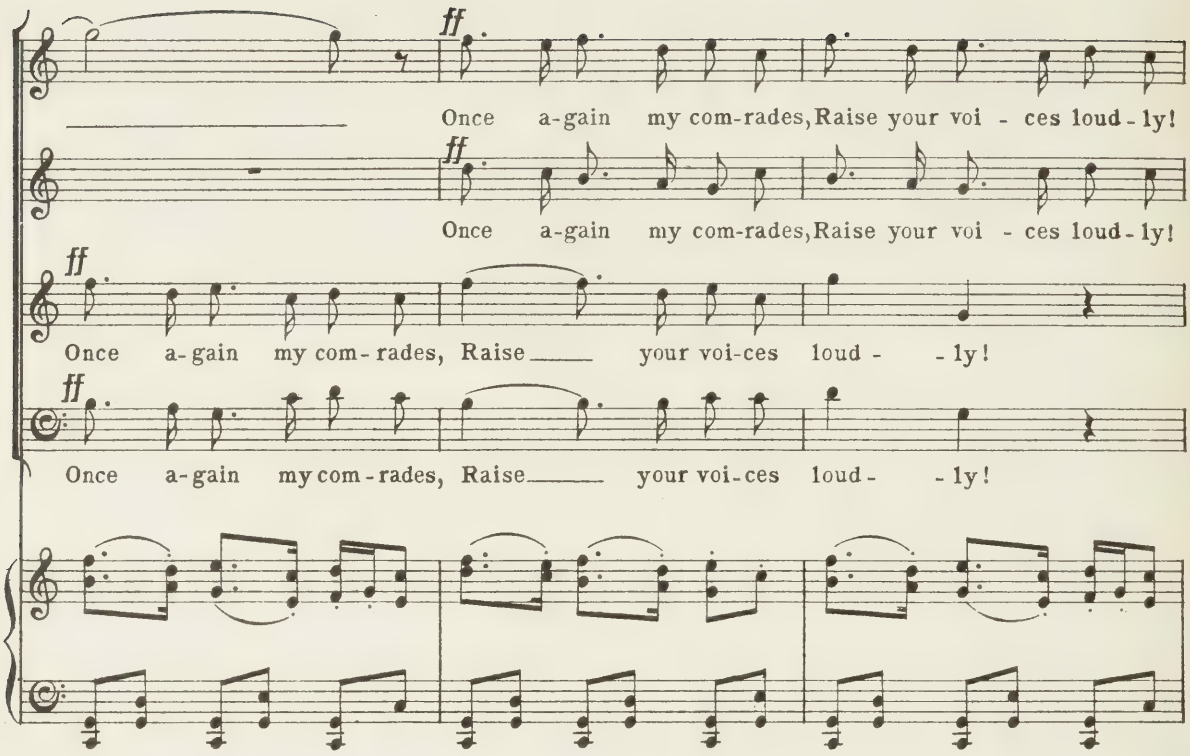
Allegretto

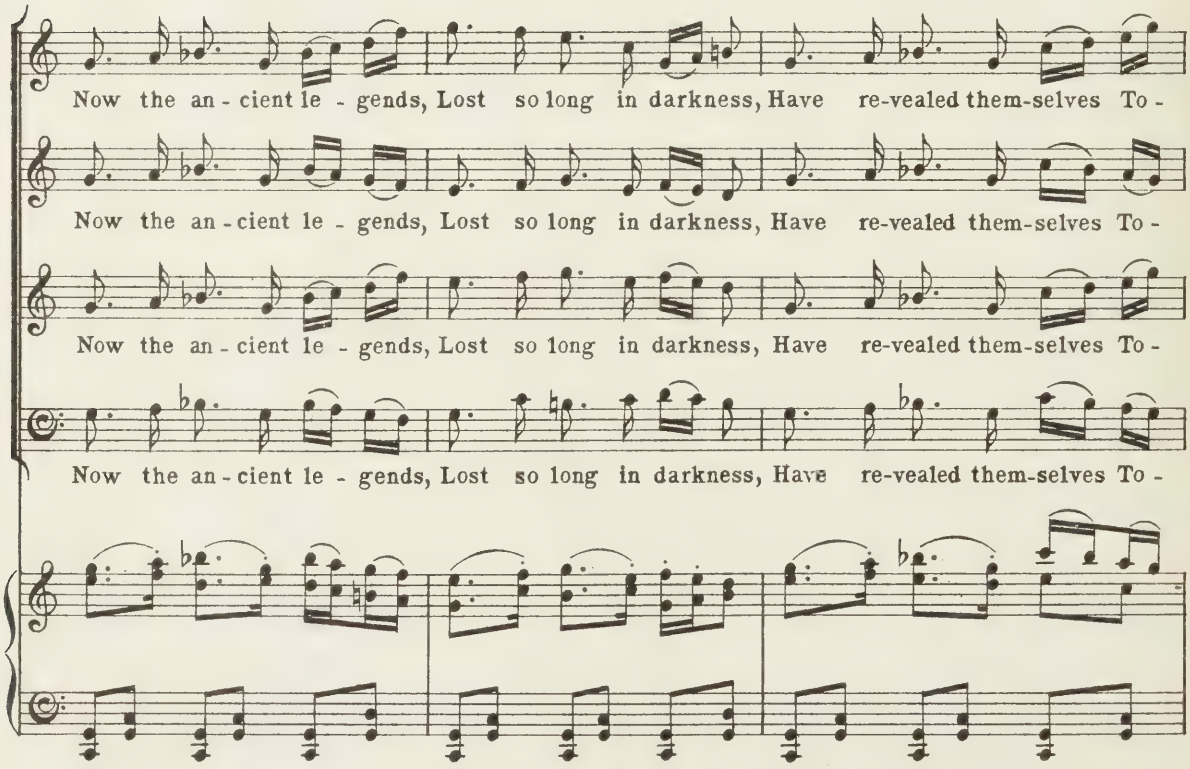
f Tr.

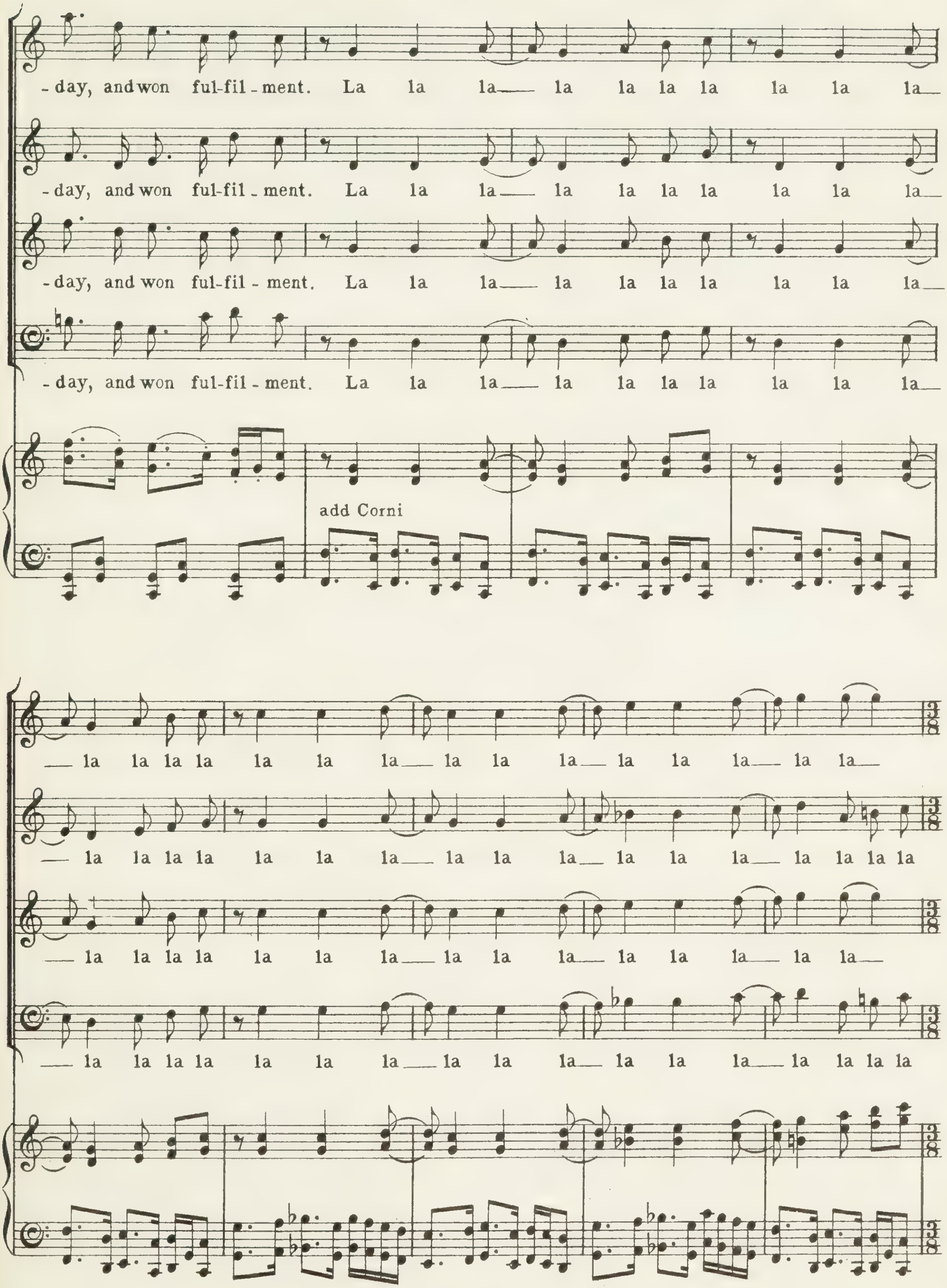
W.-W., Corni

W.-W., Timp., Str.

G


ff
Once a-gain my com-rades, Raise your voi - ces loud-ly!
ff
Once a-gain my com-rades, Raise your voi - ces loud-ly!
ff
Once a-gain my com-rades, Raise your voi-ces loud - - ly!
ff
Once a-gain my com-rades, Raise your voi-ces loud - - ly!


Now the an-cient le - gends, Lost so long in darkness, Have re-vealed them-selves To -
Now the an-cient le - gends, Lost so long in darkness, Have re-vealed them-selves To -
Now the an-cient le - gends, Lost so long in darkness, Have re-vealed them-selves To -
Now the an-cient le - gends, Lost so long in darkness, Have re-vealed them-selves To -


-day, and won ful-fil-ment. La la la— la la la la la la la—
-day, and won ful-fil-ment. La la la— la la la la la la la—
-day, and won ful-fil-ment. La la la— la la la la la la la—
-day, and won ful-fil-ment. La la la— la la la la la la la—
add Corni
— la la la la la la la— la la la— la la la— la la—
— la la la la la la la— la la la— la la la— la la la la
— la la la la la la la— la la la— la la la— la la—
— la la la la la la la— la la la— la la la— la la la la

80 *(Priests enter. The Chief Priest enters last, carrying a crown. He goes solemnly to The Fool.)*

*ff*

Once a - gain — my com-rades, Raise your voi - ces loud - ly! Joy and peace

*ff*

Once a - gain — my com-rades, Raise your voi - ces loud - ly! Joy and peace

*ff*

Once a - gain — my com-rades, Raise your voi - ces loud - ly! Joy and peace

*ff*

Once a - gain — my com-rades, Raise your voi - ces loud - ly! Joy and peace

*ff* Tutti with Tambourine

— are reign-ing; Wel - come both — with sing-ing. Now the an - cient le - gends,

— are reign-ing; Wel - come both — with sing-ing. Now the an - cient le - gends,

— are reign-ing; Wel - come both — with sing-ing. Now the an - cient le - gends,

— are reign-ing; Wel - come both — with sing-ing. Now the an - cient le - gends,

Lost so long — in dark-ness, Have re-vealed them-selves To-day, and won—

Lost so long — in dark-ness, Have re-vealed them-selves To-day, and won—

Lost so long — in dark-ness, Have re-vealed them-selves To-day, and won—

Lost so long — in dark-ness, Have re-vealed them-selves To-day, and won—

*(Just as the Priest is about to crown The Fool, the latter*

81

Picc. *ad lib.* Fl.

*p*

*yawns. General embarrassment.)* *(He yawns again)*

Ob.

Andante

*(Curtain)*

*(He falls asleep)*

*p* Fag.

Brass con sord.

*pp* *ff*

Tutti

Arpa

*Novello & Company, Ltd. Engravers & Printers.* 14981

OTHELLO
AND

**These prices are the current prices.**

# *WORKS by GUSTAV HOLST*

## THE PERFECT FOOL (Op. 39)

OPERA IN ONE ACT

| | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|
| Vocal Score | 6 | 0 |
| Libretto | 1 | 0 |

## THE BALLET from "THE PERFECT FOOL"

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Full Score | 15 | 0 |
| Piano Solo | 3 | 0 |
| Piano Duet | 4 | 0 |

## FUGAL OVERTURE (Op. 40, No. 1)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Full Score | 10 | 0 |

TWO SONGS WITHOUT WORDS (Op. 22)

No. 1.—COUNTRY SONG

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Full Score | 7 | 0 |
| String Parts | 6 | 0 |
| Wind Parts | 3 | 4 |
| Piano Solo | 2 | 3 |

No. 2.—MARCHING SONG

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Full Score | 7 | 0 |
| String Parts | 6 | 0 |
| Wind Parts | 5 | 8 |
| Piano Solo | 2 | 3 |

GREETING. Full Score, MS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| String Parts | 1 | 5 |
| Wind Parts | 2 | 8 |
| Violin and Piano | 3 | 0 |

MAYA. Violin and Piano ... 2 3

ODE TO DEATH (Op. 38)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Chorus and Orchestra, Vocal Score | 1 | 6 |

KING ESTMERE

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Chorus and Orchestra, Vocal Score | 4 | 0 |

## PART-SONGS, &C.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| CHRISTMAS DAY, Choral Fantasy on Old Carols | 0 | 6 |
| DREAM TRYST | 0 | 2 |
| LOVE IS ENOUGH | 0 | 4 |
| NOW IS THE MONTH OF MAYING | 0 | 4 |
| THOU DIDST DELIGHT MY EYES | 0 | 3 |
| TO SYLVIA | 0 | 4 |
| YE LITTLE BIRDS | 0 | 2 |

FIVE SONGS from "THE PRINCESS," Female Voices

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| NOW SLEEPS THE CRIMSON PETAL | 0 | 3 |
| O SWALLOW, SWALLOW | 0 | 3 |
| SWEET AND LOW | 0 | 4 |
| TEARS, IDLE TEARS | 0 | 3 |
| THE SPLENDOUR FALLS | 0 | 4 |

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED

APR 9 1986

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

M
1503
H75P4
1923
c.1
MUSI